THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D:.1728 by Be nklin

DECEMBER 10, 1904
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KARL ANDERSON.

The Reorganization of the Reorganized Democracy

By William Jennings Bryan

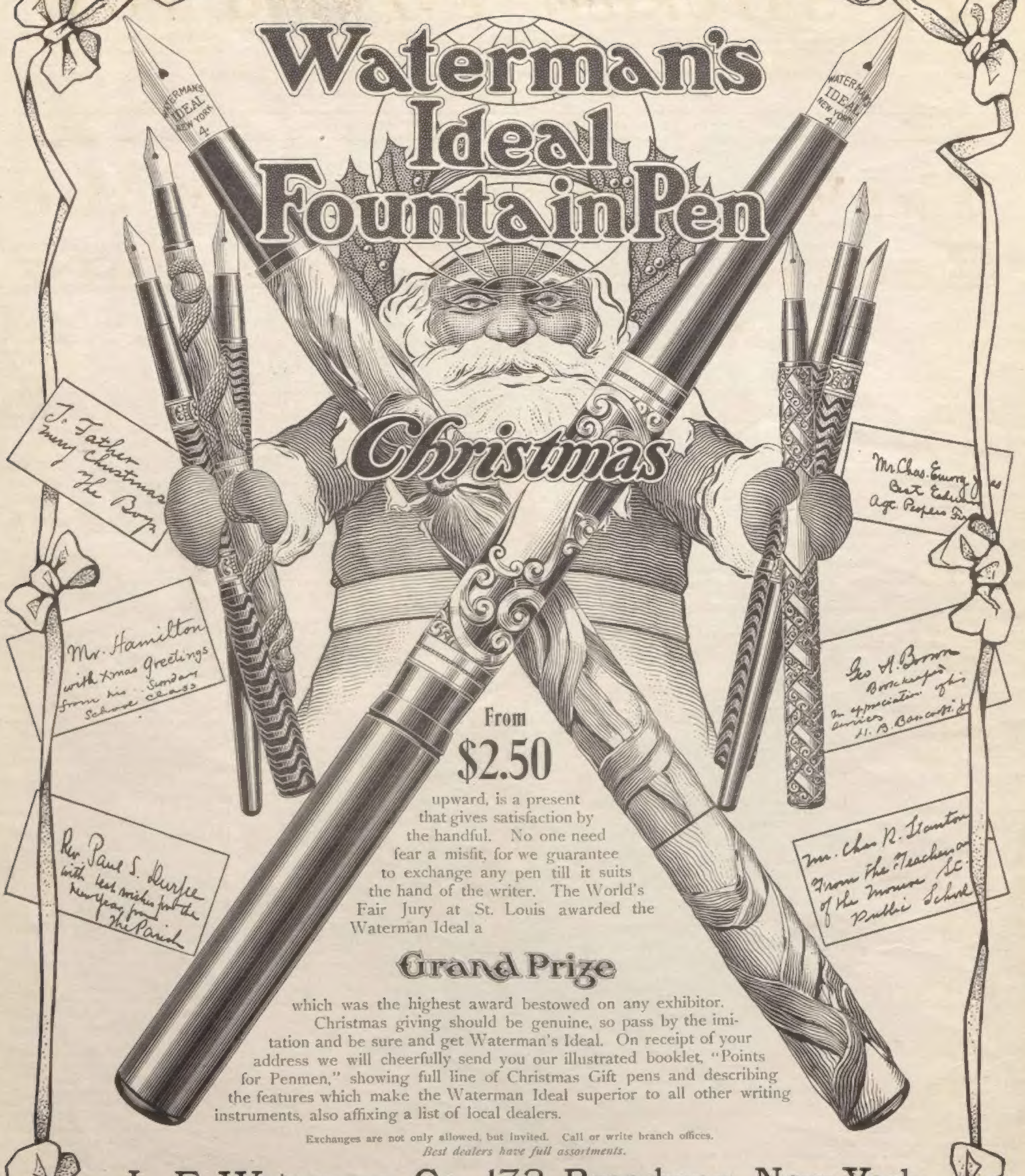
No Cinderella

By Harold MacGrath

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Christmas


WATERMAN'S IDEAL NEW YORK 4
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To Father
merry Christmas
The Boys
Mr. Hamilton
with Xmas Greetings
from his Sunday
School class
Rev. Paul S. Durfee
with best wishes for the
New Year from
The Parish
Mr. Chas. Emory Jones
Best Edi[illegible]
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A°D' 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

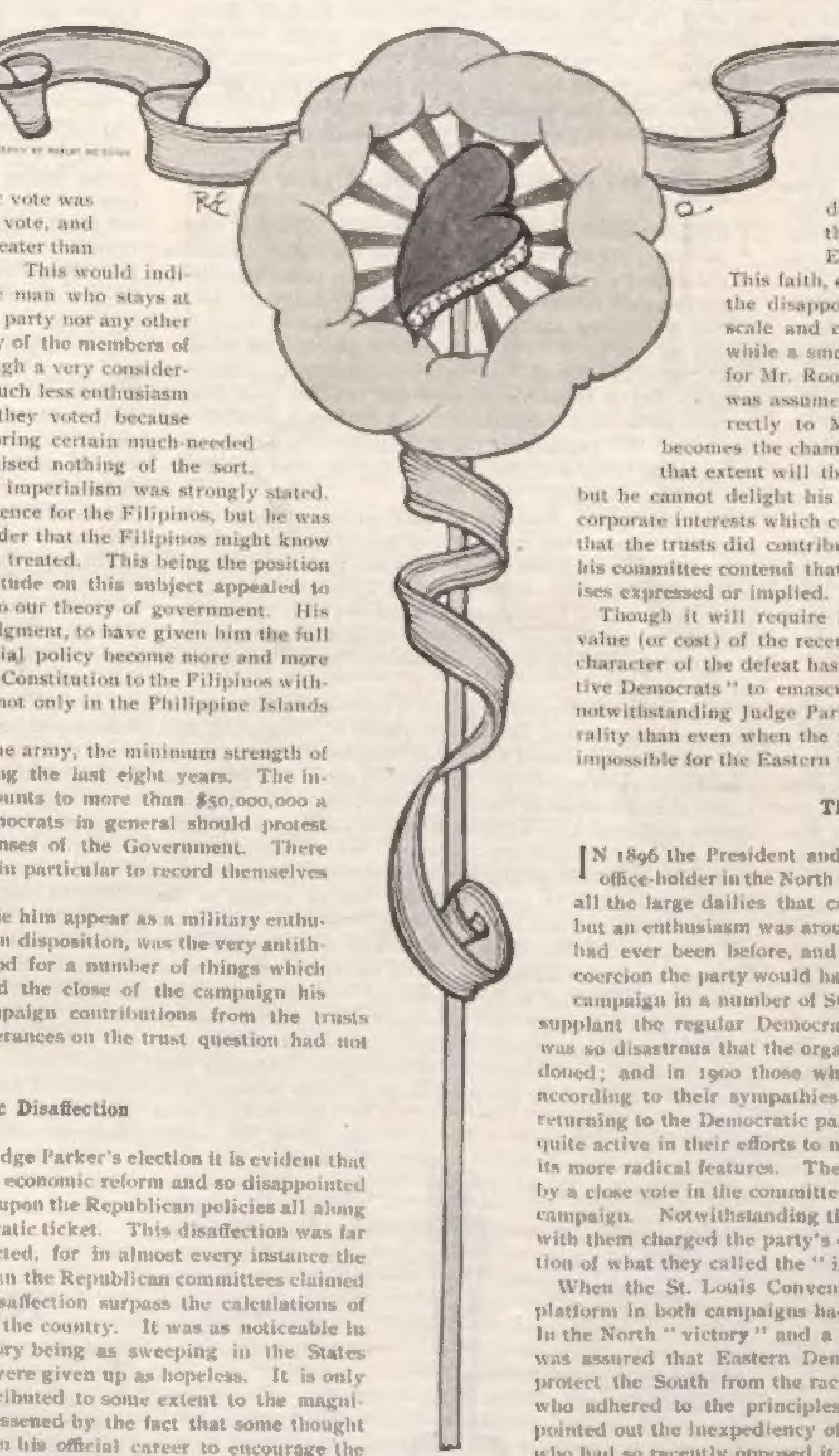
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 177 PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 10, 1904 Number 24

The Reorganization of the Reorganized Democracy

By William Jennings Bryan



WHETHER the overwhelming victory won by the Republican party in the recent national campaign is to be considered as an indorsement of the President and his policies, or as a rebuke to the Democratic party, is a question which cannot be fully determined until the returns are complete. It is evident, however, at this writing that the falling off in the Democratic vote was much greater than the gain in the Republican vote, and in some places the Democratic loss was even greater than the gain shown by all other parties combined. This would indicate a considerable stay-at-home vote, and the man who stays at home usually does so because neither his own party nor any other party arouses his interest. The great majority of the members of the Democratic party voted their ticket, although a very considerable number of those who voted did so with much less enthusiasm than they manifested in former years; but they voted because they felt that Judge Parker's election would bring certain much-needed reforms, whereas President Roosevelt's promised nothing of the sort.

Judge Parker's position on the question of imperialism was strongly stated. He was not only in favor of ultimate independence for the Filipinos, but he was in favor of making an immediate promise in order that the Filipinos might know that they were to be treated as the Cubans were treated. This being the position taken by the party in 1900, Judge Parker's attitude on this subject appealed to those who regarded imperialism as a menace to our theory of government. His position on this question alone ought, in my judgment, to have given him the full Democratic vote, because the evils of a colonial policy become more and more manifest with experience. We cannot deny the Constitution to the Filipinos without striking a blow at constitutional liberty, not only in the Philippine Islands but here and all over the world.

Judge Parker also stood for a reduction in the army, the minimum strength of the army having been more than doubled during the last eight years. The increase in the appropriations for the army amounts to more than $50,000,000 a year, and there was every reason why the Democrats in general should protest against this unnecessary addition to the expenses of the Government. There was abundant cause, too, for the laboring men in particular to record themselves against this menace to their interests.

Then, too, the President's utterances had made him appear as a military enthusiast, while Judge Parker, both in opinion and in disposition, was the very antithesis of the President. Judge Parker thus stood for a number of things which Democrats regarded as important, and toward the close of the campaign his attacks upon the President for accepting campaign contributions from the trusts encouraged many who felt that his earlier utterances on the trust question had not been sufficiently emphatic.

Widespread Democratic Disaffection

BUT in spite of the advantages promised by Judge Parker's election it is evident that a great many Democrats were so devoted to economic reform and so disappointed at the party's failure to make a vigorous attack upon the Republican policies all along the line that they refused to support the Democratic ticket. This disaffection was far greater than the Republicans themselves expected, for in almost every instance the Republican plurality was considerably larger than the Republican committees claimed the day before election. Not only did the disaffection surpass the calculations of friend and foe, but it extended to every part of the country. It was as noticeable in the East as in the West, the Republican victory being as sweeping in the States claimed by the Democrats as in the States that were given up as hopeless. It is only fair to say that Mr. Roosevelt's personality contributed to some extent to the magnitude of his victory, for opposition to him was lessened by the fact that some thought him a reformer in disguise. There is nothing in his official career to encourage the belief that he will propose any reforms, and yet it is unquestionably true that many voters in his own party and outside of it are expecting that he will "turn loose" as soon as he is inaugurated as President in his own right. These have a theory that during the unexpired term of his predecessor President Roosevelt feels in duty bound to carry out the policy which President McKinley inaugurated, but that when once commissioned President by the people he will enter upon an independent career and pose as an avenger of the wrongs which the people have suffered.

His action in arbitrating the coal strike is cited as an evidence of such a purpose; the merger prosecution and the criticism made of him a year or so ago in Wall Street are also produced as proof that he will not be partial to the corporations. It is remembered, too, that before his ascent to the Presidency he spoke of "shackling cunning," and that there was considerable friction between him and Senator Hanna, who was believed to represent the Wall Street end of the Republican party. All the evidence taken together convinced some — yes, many — that Mr. Roosevelt would, during his own term, use his Executive influence to secure remedial legislation. This faith, or — if faith is too strong a word — this hope, added to the disappointment which many of the Democrats felt, turned the scale and caused thousands to remain at home on election day, while a smaller number went even to the extent of voting directly for Mr. Roosevelt. It is too early yet to know what responsibility was assumed by such Democrats as contributed directly or indirectly to Mr. Roosevelt's success. Just to the extent that he becomes the champion of those who desire remedial legislation, just to that extent will those feel justified who aided him actively or passively; but he cannot delight his Democratic admirers without disappointing the great corporate interests which contributed to his campaign fund — for it is admitted that the trusts did contribute to the campaign fund, although the President and his committee contend that the contributions were not made as a result of promises expressed or implied.

Though it will require four years for the country to form an estimate of the value (or cost) of the recent victory, it is already evident that the overwhelming character of the defeat has put an end to the attempts of the so-called "conservative Democrats" to emasculate the Democratic creed. The fact that the party, notwithstanding Judge Parker's "gold telegram," was defeated by a larger plurality than even when the platform contained a sixteen-to-one plank has made it impossible for the Eastern wing to tempt again by a promise of victory.

The Failure of Conservatism

IN 1896 the President and his Cabinet and nearly every prominent Democratic office-holder in the North openly or secretly opposed the Democratic ticket; nearly all the large dailies that called themselves Democratic went over to the enemy, but an enthusiasm was aroused that made the party's vote a million larger than it had ever been before, and but for an enormous campaign fund and widespread coercion the party would have won a victory. In 1897 the Gold Democrats made a campaign in a number of States under the belief that their party would be able to supplant the regular Democratic party in the confidence of the people. The result was so disastrous that the organization of the Gold Democratic party was soon abandoned; and in 1900 those who had voted for Palmer and Buckner in 1896 divided according to their sympathies, some going over to the Republican party and some returning to the Democratic party. Those who returned to the Democratic party were quite active in their efforts to modify the Democratic platform in 1900 and eliminate its more radical features. The money plank of the Chicago platform was reiterated by a close vote in the committee, and the question occupied an inferior place in the campaign. Notwithstanding this, the Gold Democrats and the papers in sympathy with them charged the party's defeat to the money plank and demanded the repudiation of what they called the "isms."

When the St. Louis Convention met it was found that those who had opposed the platform in both campaigns had secured enough support to control the convention. In the North "victory" and a large campaign fund were promised, while the South was assured that Eastern Democrats were able to put up a winning fight and thus protect the South from the race issue which President Roosevelt had raised. Those who adhered to the principles of the party as enunciated four and eight years ago pointed out the inexpediency of putting the party organization in the hands of men who had so recently opposed it; but the two defeats that the party had suffered when under radical leadership weighed heavily in the balance, and as a result of the convention the party went forth to battle with a platform that omitted both the money question and the income tax, and with a candidate who was in every way satisfactory to those who styled themselves the conservative members of the party.

In the beginning of the campaign some of the literature sent out contained editorials from New York papers declaring that the party had repudiated "Populism" and was again "safe and sane." It was not long before it was discovered that such literature was harmful, and during the latter days of the campaign the real danger became apparent, and earnest appeals were made to those who were fighting for economic and industrial reforms.

The conservative element of the party, having everything its own way, was compelled to assume responsibility for the campaign, and having failed to secure as many electoral votes or to poll as large a popular vote as the party did in either 1896 or 1900, it can no longer employ the only argument it has had, namely, a promise of success.

Mr. Cleveland's election in 1892 has for eight years been contrasted with the defeats of 1896 and 1900 as proof that a conservative policy would restore the party to position and prestige. The new record of 1904 makes it impossible for the election of 1892 to be used again for purposes of comparison.

If Judge Parker had won he would have accomplished certain reforms which the country very much needs. He would have removed the issues that now block the way to economic and industrial reforms, or, at least, interfere with the discussion of these questions. Having failed to secure this advantage at the polls the party must now address itself to the situation and plan for the campaign of 1908. Although unable to correct the mistakes made this year it ought to profit by those mistakes and thereby strengthen itself for future conflicts.

That there is need of reform is already apparent to millions, and it will become apparent to increasing numbers as the years advance. The extent to which the public is being exploited to-day is not fully realized by any large proportion of the people. If it were the Republican party would be turned out of power by a vote largely in excess of that by which it won in the recent campaign. It is the duty of the Democratic party — and a duty which it is now free to perform — to present to the public the reasons for refusing longer to trust the Government to Republican leaders.

Take, for instance, the railroads. They are stocked and bonded for approximately twice what they are worth. This fictitious capital, which represents, not money invested, but merely the power of capital to extort unfair rates and collect unearned dividends, has been issued in defiance of moral law and often in disregard to statute law. Though a considerable portion of it is held by so-called innocent purchasers, the bulk of it is held by those who have not acquired it innocently, and much of it by persons who did not purchase it at all, but simply issued it to themselves. Whenever an attempt is made to squeeze the water out of the stock of great corporations we hear much about "innocent purchasers," and we hear it often from the very ones who organize cliques and syndicates to freeze out these same innocent purchasers. The number of persons who own watered stock is small compared with the number plundered to pay dividends upon it. And aside from the question of numbers, those who must from necessity use a railroad when they sell their farm products or purchase merchandise for their families are more entitled to consideration than those who voluntarily purchase stock which they either do know, or can know, rests upon monopoly and not upon money invested.

Private Monopoly Indefensible

THE Interstate Commerce Commission, which has a majority of Republicans in its membership, has for several years been asking Congress to enlarge the scope of the Interstate Commerce Law in order that the commission may deal more effectively with the railroads, and yet the influence of the railroads in the United States Senate has thus far stood in the way of the carrying out of the recommendations of the Commission. The Democratic party has twice demanded this enlargement of the scope of the Interstate Commerce Law, and if the Republican Administration fails to meet this demand the Democrats can with advantage press this issue for consideration.

The trust question presents some of the same phases as the railroad problem. Nearly all the trusts are overcapitalized and rely upon their control of the market to collect dividends, and besides this they are constantly narrowing the field of independent enterprise. The wrong that the trusts do to the consumers of trust-made goods is only a small part of the injury. The extortion which is measured by the enhancement of the price of the product is distributed over the whole country, each person suffering a little in proportion to his purchases; but the injury done to independent producers is more severe, because it often wipes out the entire savings and capital of the small competitor. The injury done in closing the door of opportunity and in discouraging the spirit of enterprise among young and active business men is even more damaging to the nation, and the political dangers that follow in the wake of an industrial despotism are more menacing still. It is impossible for the Government to rest fully and firmly upon the consent of the governed under an industrial system wherein a few great money magnates dole out daily bread to the millions who labor. The Republican party does not promise to annihilate the trusts. It points to the merger suit, which has not produced any substantial results, as its only act hostile to the trusts. One ineffective prosecution in three years! With more than 200 trusts in existence it would take 600 years to extinguish them at the rate the Administration is going, not to speak of the new ones that are constantly springing up. The Republican party must sooner or later take its position upon this subject. It cannot always draw votes from the masses who want the trusts destroyed and at the same time draw campaign funds from the trusts.

If the President attempts any real interference with the trust program the trust magnates will be interested in selecting a different kind of a nominee for the Republican party next time. If he fails to do anything on the trust question the Republican party will in 1908 be the weaker for his failure.

The Democratic party has declared in two platforms that a private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable. It has demanded the enforcement of the criminal law and it has also demanded that the privileges of interstate commerce be withdrawn from the trusts. It has a chance to bring this question before the public with increasing emphasis, and it will profit by the public sentiment which must ultimately condemn private monopolies of every kind.

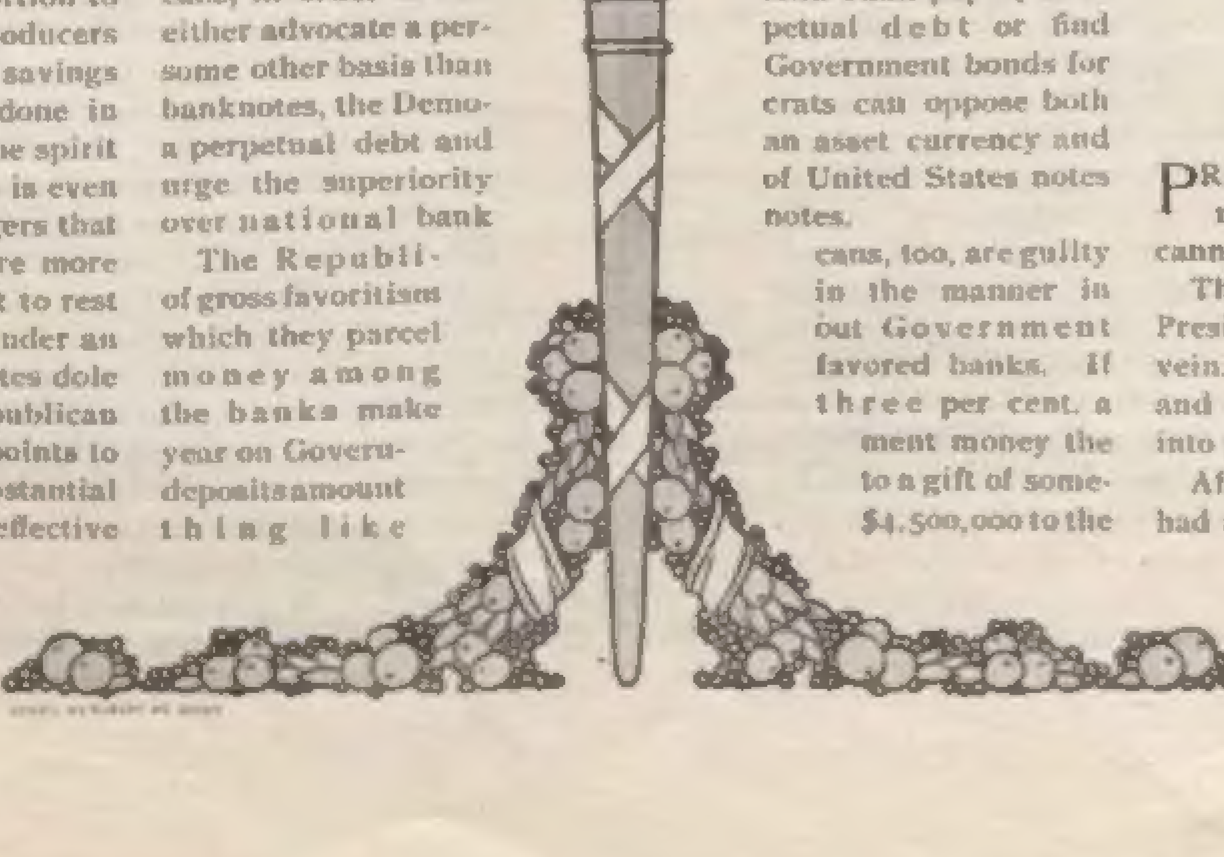
The Republican party did not promise any tariff reform. A short time ago an Iowa Republican Convention declared against a tariff when that tariff became a "shelter to monopoly," but even this mild protest was withdrawn when the Iowa Republicans met to send delegates to the last National Convention; and yet no well-informed person can doubt that there must be tariff revision. If the Republican party is afraid to promise tariff revision during the campaign it is not likely to make any material revision after a great victory. Every year shows the absurdity — not to say injustice — of many of the tariff schedules, and the more arrogant the beneficiaries of the tariff become the more certain will be the growth of tariff reform sentiment. The Democratic party stands for tariff reform, and its position must grow stronger and stronger as combinations of manufacturers increase and as more and more protected articles are exported.

The Party's Attitude Toward Labor

THE labor question is growing in importance. The manufacturers are organizing to fight the legislation asked for by the wage-earners. The tendency of this is necessarily to widen the gulf between labor and capital, and the situation cannot help being aggravated if, for any reason, there is a falling off in production and a decrease in the number employed. The Republican Administration must meet this problem. If it takes the side of the laboring men it will alienate those corporate influences which have for some years dominated the Republican party; if it fails to do anything the growing resentment among the laboring men will manifest itself at the polls.

The Democratic party is already on record in favor of arbitration — the only rational and peaceable means of settling difficulties between corporations and their employees; it is also in favor of the enforcement of the eight-hour day on public works, and it is opposed to the use corporations now make of the processes of injunction against their employees. It is, therefore, in a position to profit by Republican inaction on this subject.

Though the production of gold has for the time being made less acute the demand for the restoration of bimetalism, still there are other phases of the subject that are likely to present issues which will embarrass the Republicans. The financiers desire the retirement of the silver dollar, but the Republicans cannot undertake this without danger to their political prospects. The financiers also want an asset currency, for two reasons — first, because the purchase of bonds at a premium compels the bank to invest a larger sum of money in the bonds than it can issue upon the bonds; and second, because the retirement of the national debt will leave no bonds to serve as a basis for banknotes. And yet every suggestion of an asset currency has aroused objection, and the Republican leaders are at present in a quandary; they do not want to oppose the financiers and yet they are afraid of a protest from the voters. The question of banknotes is entirely separate and distinct from the question of metallic money. The increase or decrease in the volume of metallic money does not affect the merit of the controversy between those who favor Government paper and those who favor bank paper. While the Republicans, in order to defend bank paper, must either advocate a perpetual debt or find some other basis than Government bonds for banknotes, the Democrats can oppose both a perpetual debt and an asset currency and urge the superiority of United States notes over national bank notes.



The Republicans, too, are guilty of gross favoritism in the manner in which they parcel out Government money among favored banks. If the banks make three per cent. a year on Government money the deposits amount to a gift of something like $4,500,000 to the banks. While it may be easy to defend this policy in the money centres, it is going to be increasingly difficult to defend it among the people generally. In considering the economic questions with which the country is struggling it is evident that the Republicans are going to be on the defensive in 1908, and if courageously attacked by the Democratic party (as it now seems certain they will be) the chances of a Democratic victory will be very much greater than they were this year.

The Popular Election of Senators

BESIDES refusing to reform existing abuses the Republican leaders refuse to consider the new issues which are being raised. The growth of municipal ownership in the cities has been accompanied by a growth in public sentiment favorable to the extension of governmental activity.

There is an increasing demand for an enlargement of the money-order system to meet the needs of rural delivery, and this, of course, meets with the opposition of the banks. There is an increasing demand for a parcels post, but this will interfere with the business of the great express companies. There is a growing demand for a postal telegraph system operated in connection with the mail system, and this is opposed by the telegraph companies.

The consolidation of the trunk lines of railway, the raising of the freight rates, and the political influence exerted by the railways — these, taken together, are increasing the number of those who believe that railroads should be classed among natural monopolies and taken out of the hands of private individuals and corporations.

This, naturally, raises an issue between the people at large and the railroads.

The demand for the election of Senators by the people is strong among the masses, but this, too, is opposed by the corporations. The House of Representatives, fresh from the people, has four times adopted a resolution proposing the necessary amendment to the Constitution, but the Senate has four times refused to consider the subject. This issue must be met by the party in power. The demand for direct legislation is growing every day. The corporations oppose this also, and the Republican party must before long take a position upon it.

As the expenses of the navy continue to increase that subject is likely to become more and more an issue. As the expensiveness of Imperialism becomes more and more apparent it will arouse a protest from those who have seemed indifferent to the principles involved but who will not be indifferent to the burdens which it imposes upon the American people.

Attention has been called to some of the problems (and there are others) which the Republican party must meet; they are problems intimately connected with the welfare of the country, and the Republican party is not in position to offer a permanent solution of any of them. It is too much under the influence of the great corporations to settle these questions upon the people's side, and they can never be settled until they are settled upon the people's side.

The direct effect of all Republican policies is to confer unearned benefits upon the minority of the people at the expense of the majority of the people, and it would be a reflection upon the intelligence and patriotism of the masses to believe that this tendency can long go on unchecked. The sense of justice is the deepest-seated sense in the human breast, and this sense of justice demands such a distribution of the wealth created in this country as will give to each producer a fair and equitable share of the joint product. This sense of justice is not satisfied by an increase in the production of wealth if that increase is monopolized by a few. It is to this sense of justice that the Democratic party must appeal, and its appeal will be effective when the people are convinced that the party is more anxious to promote the public weal than it is to secure the offices which go with a national victory.

There is every indication that the Democratic party will now address itself to these reforms, and thus, by deserving success, lay the foundation for a real victory.

* * *

Not An Accident

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S worst enemy — and the result of the recent election does not reveal many — cannot charge him with any lack of the sense of humor.

There is an incidental episode connected with the recent Presidential election that aptly illustrates him "in lighter vein." Being known only to the guests of the President and his wife on election night, it has not heretofore got into print.

After it became certain that the election was his, and he had received the felicitations of the men about him, President Roosevelt crossed over to his wife, and bowing low before her, as he extended his hand, said:

"My dear, it gives me pleasure to inform you that I am no longer an accident."

Tammany: Without and Within

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Author of The Boss

Remember the glories of Richard the brave,
Tho' the days of his boss-ship are o'er;
Tho' lost to the grafter, far o'er the wide wave,
He returns to Fourteenth Street no more.

THIS quatrain, which was Moore's but has become mine because of important changes, forced itself upon me by reason of a recent call I made at the Democratic Club. Being in the vicinity of Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street, I stepped in. The liveried colored gentleman who guards the portals threw open the door awkwardly, having little or no practice in these lonesome times.

Inside, all was as empty as a church. The paved corridors echoed to my footsteps, and the tall ceilings gave back the hollow sound that belongs to caves and empty desolation. There stood the steward; and no one to cater for. There sat the bookkeeper with his books; but no entries arose to his pen wherewith to fill them. In the rear room, a place formerly of bibulous entertainment and wassail, were two or three serving lads; but no one came to be served, and the round tables, once sloppy with Tammany custom, showed as dry as a covered bridge. The picture of Mr. Croker looked down with its painted eyes on halls deserted; the great striped tiger glared and threatened, wide-mouthed, from the floor as on a day that was; these were recognizable things. But the pushing, hungry, intriguing humanity that by hundreds once crowded the scene was absent—dead or departed to new theatres of political rapacity. The fireplace, dark and cold and vacant, was as the symbol of Tammany hopes. I took a brief look about and came away, leaving behind me the richest and the loneliest club in New York.

No; there is naught of Tammany good or ill to be inferred from the abandonment of the Democratic Club. It never was a club in the strict sense; rather a place where spoil was divided, and where those sundry offices which are the prey of successful politics were shared into the outstretched hands of Tammany's sub-captains. This was during the Croker régime, when that great chief made the club his home-spot.

Mr. Murphy, who now prevails, follows the example of John Kelly, and holds his court at the Tiger's official den in Fourteenth Street. Did you ever read Kipling's Jungle stories? In the day of Akela Croker the club was the Council Rock, and there the pack came to the lookings-over, and to plan for new "kills." Now, with the shift of Mr. Murphy, the wolves gather at the wigwam.

Philosophy from Cherry Hill

IT IS the opinion of one expert that Tammany has failed and fallen away under the leadership of Mr. Murphy. He is neither followed, believed in nor obeyed as was Mr Croker. This is due to the difference which subsists between the men. I put the query to a sage and eminent Tammany man, whose identity must be concealed, lest he perish for his criticisms.

"The difference," quoth the sage, "between Mr. Croker and Mr. Murphy is the difference between a buffalo-bull and a billy-goat."

Then he proceeded to show how the one led the herd down easy slopes to lush grasses and the waterside of sure, cool victory. As against this, Mr. Murphy, in an innate propensity to butt, forgets to lead. He is content merely to butt, without particularly caring whether the object of that butting be an oak tree or a stone wall.

"See how Murphy," continued the sage and eminent one, "has got himself tangled up in that fool fight with McCarren and Kings County. You couldn't have got Croker into such a knot. The trouble with Murphy," concluded the sage, lapsing into the dialect of his native Cherry Hill, "the trouble with Murphy is that, to the defect of an inborn ignorance, he adds the vice of a swelled head. He's so busy counting the buttons on his Prince Albert, and keeping his gold glasses from falling off his nose, that he hasn't time for anything beyond. He's too small for his job. You know what that means? It's like setting a boy to carrying the hod; you can't see the finish, but the one sure thing is he'll never get the bricks to the scaffold."

At this pinch I desire personally to say that I distrust and discount the invidious summing up of Mr. Murphy by the sage and eminent one. Mr. Murphy is a better, bigger man than he was drawn.

The New Orator of Tammany

TAMMANY has recently augmented its list of Ciceros by one. The recruit is an impressive one, being Mr. Towne, late a silver-tongued and silver-teaching Republican in Congress from Duluth. He dwells now in New York and marches politically with Mr. Murphy. This autumn Mr. Towne was given a seat in Congress by Tammany; and his voice hereafter will be uplifted with the voices of Mr. Cockran and Mr. Sulzer in argent exposition of Tammany's views on national legislation.

Tammany is more like to profit by the arrangement than is Mr. Towne. The organization has been running short in that commodity of eloquence, so necessary in its destinies. Mr. Cockran has been the principal orator; and while vigorously verbose, with a Milesian weakness for four-syllable words, he was shown on more than one occasion to be what Mr. Lauterbach of the Republicans would term "inadequate." Mr. Towne will supersede him.

Mr. Cockran's speeches are the only things in the East that remind me of a Western sandstorm. They obscure, they darken; they blind and deafen; they cover the subject with a drift of words until even its outlines are blotted from the minds of men. In short, Mr. Cockran's eloquence is better calculated to lose than to reveal the path; and one is made thereby to remember the late Speaker Reed when he complained of Mr. Springer that "he never opened his mouth without subtracting from the sum total of human knowledge." Also, Mr. Reed referred to Mr. Cockran as "an athletic orator." Mr. Towne, as against the reboant fog-whirl of Mr. Cockran's rhetoric, is as coolly lucid as a spring.

Besides carrying on its rolls Messrs. Towne, Cockran and Sulzer, Tammany's Congressional delegation will be graced in the next, as it is in the present, Congress with the lofty presence of Mr. Sullivan, followed throughout the East Side as "Big Tim." Mr. Sullivan is not so splendidly wordy as are the three above named; but much more is he a pillar and a cloud for the night and day guidance of the organization. Mr. Sullivan is capable of an even-handed justice that, among the commons of Tammany, owns a vogue far and away beyond any granted to mere eloquence. This genius for the equitable was evidenced in the primary fight between Mr. Divver and Mr. Foley for the leadership of their assembly district. Mr. Sullivan came across from his own district to manage the hopes and fears of Mr. Foley. On the day of the primary a Foley adherent approached the file of electors that was lock-stepping toward the ballot-box—they lock-stepped perfectly, those electors, and as ones to whom such difficult pedestrianism was not new—and to a low-browed, sullen citizen, one of the lock-stepping file, spake the following words:

"Who be you fer?"

"Fer d' Judge, see!" meaning Mr. Divver.

"Come out o' d' line, you mut!" quoth the Foley missionary, yanking Mr. Divver's adherent from his place. "Now screw out, or you'll be all to d' worse in a hully secont!"

"I ain't kickin'," said Mr. Divver's follower, when later he bewailed to Mr. Sullivan the measures which obtained in his case, "I ain't kickin' about Mike t'rowin' me out o' d' line, an' beatin' me out o' me vote; I stands for that. But, say; he pinches me clock—a yellow one wit' two doors," by which latter words of description Mr. Divver's friend was understood to speak of a gold, hunting-case watch.

Mr. Sullivan listened, collected his brows into a meditative knot, paused a moment, and then decided honestly as follows:

"That last ain't right, Jimmy. Mike's got to give the watch back."

It is this capacity to know the rules and abide by them, even though an enemy be favored and a cherished follower driven to disgorge, that has raised up Mr. Sullivan to be the popular idol that he is.

"Tim" Sullivan's Repartee

MR. SULLIVAN, as well as Mr. Devery, can strike a merry note. When a gray and year-ridden citizen assailed him one election day he replied smartly. Mr. Sullivan's flippancy irritated the aged one, and he rebuked Mr. Sullivan's levity by reminding him of his own long years of service at the polls.

"I want you to understand, young man," said the aged one, "that I've voted for President eleven times in my life."

"That's nothing," returned Mr. Sullivan; "I've voted for President forty times before ten o'clock."

Not only does Mr. Sullivan sparkle in repartee and brisk retort, but he owns an indomitable politeness. An old lady, coming out of Mr. Sullivan's theatre, the Dewey—she had been slumming—said to him:

"Will you please help me into my automobile? I'm very old."

"I don't know how old you are, madam," observed Mr. Sullivan, as he kindly aided her as requested; "I don't know how old you are, but, anyhow, you don't look it."

There is another Richmond in the field, another Sullivan in Tammany, and his *nom de guerre* is "Big Florrie." "Big Florrie," himself the leader of a district, is no relative of "Big Tim." The Tammany region over which Big Florrie rules is a square half-mile in the teeming heart of the East Side. Almost to a man his constituents are Russian Jews. Three years ago this district was the hateful red-light district—a nursery of vice, a hotbed of infamy. One day Mr. Croker—it was in the last hours of his leadership—wheeled savagely upon the man who was then head of that district, and said:

"The moment I get time I'll come after you; and when I get through you'll be in Sing Sing."

This promise so depressed the leader that he immediately resigned his leadership. Big Florrie Sullivan was selected to take his place.

The change was of the sort termed radical. Big Florrie is large framed and bony; his muscles have been hardened by much pulling at the oars, and his knuckles made as sandpaper with salt water. Also, he has that acute anxiety one may observe in the Irish to pedestal and protect the morality of women.

Big Florrie inaugurated a moral crusade. He went into his district like a lion uncaged. He did not complain to the police; he asked no bluecoat aid. Whenever and wherever he met an obnoxious male—and there were hundreds about the streets—Big Florrie knocked him down. Moreover, he promised him a beating as often as he met him.

Big Florrie was on the warpath ten days. The immoralists, getting news of the feverish doings of Big Florrie, packed up and fled to less sternly guarded territories. Within two weeks our local Buck Fanshaw had "cleaned up" his district, and never a red light remained to stain the night. This is a true tale; within ten days, Big Florrie, alone and unaided, by dint of primitive fist methods, succeeded where church and state had failed for forty years; that once red-light district is now a garden spot of virtue and purity.

Naturally, you ask: Why not place Big Florrie in charge of the police as Commissioner? The answer comes bubbling forth as naturally as bubbled the query: Because New York City doesn't possess the required common-sense.

Big Florrie is not without a salty cynicism. There is a public gymnasium in Hester Square, and on its rings and ladders and bars and swings the youth of those parts is wont to recreate and harden its thews. Big Florrie was looking on one evening while a score or more of young gymnasts gave way to divers and sundry dislocations. A look of gloomy disapproval hung like a cloud on the brow of Big Florrie.

"Good thing," said a bystander, speaking generally of the gymnasium. He did not belong on the East Side, but was a philanthropist from Fifth Avenue. "Good thing, extremely good thing, these gyms. They'll make men of those boys."

"They'll make porch-climbers and second-story men of those boys," declared the experienced Big Florrie. "I wish they were all torn out. About the time these kids get through here they're ready to go to the second-story window of any crib in town."

There is learned opinion on the East Side that supports Big Florrie in these pessimisms.

Many of the Tammany nobility are warm admirers of President Roosevelt; they vote against him, but sing his praise. Mr. Scannell, former Fire Commissioner and Mr. Croker's nearest friend, declares that "Mr. Roosevelt is the greatest man of the century," and Mr. Sheehy, once Tax Commissioner, and who sat with Mr. Roosevelt in the legislature, never wearies in recounting the Albany exploits of "Thee'dure," as he calls him.

Inspired somewhat of this evident Tammany admiration for the President, it occurred to me the other evening to issue forth into the fastnesses of the East Side, and see how it held up its head since the recent landslide. David Graham Phillips, author of The Cost, and many another good story, went with me.

On Broadway near Twenty-third Street, at the very beginning of our journey, we encountered Mr. Dunn, once sheriff, and a present foremost figure of Tammany. He was with Mr. Mitchell, known pleasantly as "Billy" Mitchell, who has performed as the Tammany printer so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Neither of these gentlemen appeared gravely cast down by the event of the late election.

However, Mr. Dunn possesses a peculiarly hardy optimism. Never did I behold him depressed but once; that was on the occasion of Admiral Dewey's New York reception. Mr. Dunn was sheriff, and his German deputy in charge of Ludlow Street jail — a man whose sense of the proprieties was not so keen as his patriotism — the better to make Admiral Dewey know he was among friends, hung

WELCOME

on a great banner over the front door of the jail. Mr. Dunn was vastly discouraged by this solecism, and it was hours after the banner was removed before his sensibilities regained an even keel.

Mr. Dunn is a native of Clonmel, and when the Earl of Clonmel came to America buying horses for the English turf Mr. Dunn was presented to that nobleman. The scene of the meeting was Delmonico's, and the near result a bottle of wine. As the Earl and Mr. Dunn clinked glasses the latter suddenly broke forth:

"America," he cried, "is surely a singular place! Here you and I are drinking together, while in the old country I couldn't get near enough to you to hit you with a shotgun. I know, because I used to try."

The suave Mr. Mitchell adverted to for years has been a profound Tammany influence. Incidentally, he did the city job-printing whenever the organization held control. Tammany is so far scriptural in its leanings that it does not favor muzzling the ox while he treadeth out the corn, and Mr. Mitchell has fared opulently and waxed rich. This was exhibited a week or more ago when, on achieving his sixtieth birthday, he gave each of his children — he has four, I believe — $20,000 as a reminder that he still claimed over them the rights of a parent — that is, the right to provide. Eighty thousand in all — and yet Mr. Mitchell was no Lear to strip himself, but has a fortune left.

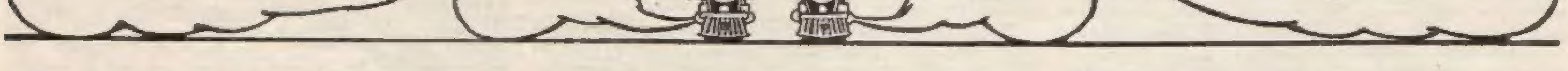
Mr. Mitchell deserves well from Tammany. Years ago — it was during the reign of Mayor Grant — he saved it from a serious *faux pas*. Mr. Walsh, beloved as "Fatty" Walsh, and the father of Blanche Walsh the actress, was leader of that district wherein the Italians have colonized themselves by thousands. One day the Italians decided upon a celebration, and Mr. Walsh, as their trusted leader, came down to the City Hall for the needed permits to march in procession.

The City Hall people, Mayor Grant at their head, thought it would be a fitting and an honorable attention to review the Italian parade. There is a ready-made grandstand stored in the basement of the City Hall. This was knocked together and placed in position. As the rejoicing sons of Cæsar, Mr. Walsh fatly to the fore, came down Broadway, the stand was filled with the chivalry of Tammany, which for the greater part is of Irish emanation.

It was at this fateful crisis, and when the oncoming Italians were still six blocks away, that the sagacious Mr. Mitchell drifted upon the scene. The sight of his fellow-Tammanyites in the grandstand all but blasted his vision. He was scandalized; nay, he was shocked. With what speed he might he ran to the stand.

(Concluded on Page 21)

RAILWAY RAKE-OFFS



How Purchasing Agents Shake the Tree and Pocket the Plums

BY HENRY M. HYDE

HERE is one of the stock stories told by railroad supply salesmen:

"When they first made young Tom Clark purchasing agent of the big J. & L. L. Railroad system he was new to the game and hardly knew his way around, so to speak. Well, there came along a big contract for steel rails, and Clark closed it up with a certain big mill at what he thought was a low figure. A few days later there arrived in the mails a check for $10,000, payable to Tom Clark personally, and signed by the president of the mills. Tom had a lot of foolish prejudices at the time, and when he got sight of that valuable piece of paper he bounced right up out of his chair, as red in the face as a turkey gobbler, and mad enough to have eaten those steel rails for an early breakfast. With the check in one hand and the letter in the other he rushed across the hall into the office of the general manager.

"'Say,' he said, slamming the insults down on the G. M.'s desk, 'look here what came in my mail this morning, will you?'

"Tom was trembling all over with wrath. The manager had his nose in a bunch of freight reports, and he didn't get excited worth a cent. In fact he didn't even look up from the papers on his desk. He simply turned the check over and said: 'Mr. Clark, just put your name on the back of this.' Then he opened a drawer at the side of his desk, dropped the check and the letter into it, and dismissed the purchasing agent with: 'You did quite right, Mr. Clark, to bring this matter to me. Good-morning, sir.'

"Clark went on back to his office. He never knew what became of the check. In fact he never heard of it again in any way."

There are a score of similarly cynical stories in the repertoire of every old-time salesman of railroad supplies, and they all bear true witness to the fact that — up to within the last few years, at least — there was perhaps no line in which grafting was so general and so gross as in the railroad construction and supply business — including both steam and street railroads. Ten, fifteen, twenty years ago the railroad business wallowed in a perfect saturnalia of graft, beginning oftentimes with the president and running down in regular gradations to the man who cleaned the filthy immigrant cars.

But it is also true that there is much less graft in the business to-day than there ever was before. On many lines it has been entirely stamped out — at least so far as the subordinate employees are concerned. Reform has been brought about by purely practical means — largely by successful appeals to the selfishness of human nature. The plan might, therefore, be more promptly adopted by men in other lines of business — and especially by those who have to do with the suppression of graft in politics — than if any necessarily slow appeal to a higher moral standard were involved.

Three Remedies for the Rake-Off Evil

THE three great practical steps which have been taken by railroad companies in the direction of suppressing graft among their employees are as follows:

1. The salaries of employees holding positions which make them especially open and subject to temptation have been largely increased. For instance, up to a year or two ago the salary of the purchasing agent of an important railroad system centring in Chicago was $3000 a year. The man who now holds such a position is paid $12,000 a year. It requires no argument to demonstrate that a $12,000 man is less open to temptation and is less likely to jeopardize his position than one whose earnings are one-third that sum.

Here is a case in point: A certain man had been for several years acting as superintendent of motive power on a Western railroad. In that capacity he had won the reputation of being always ready to accept commissions on purchases bought in accordance with his specifications. With one salesman in particular he had done a great deal of business in this line. The dealings between them were perfectly frank and unblushing. Recently the salary of the superintendent of motive power was raised from $2500 to $5000. Shortly thereafter the salesman in question called on him to secure an order.

"We'll pay you ten per cent. as usual," he said.

"Nope," answered the superintendent. "You'll have to take your chances with the rest of the boys. I'm through doing business on the old basis. The company has doubled my salary and made it worth while for me to be on the square."

2. A better class of men has been hired in subordinate positions. By a "better class" is meant men who are equipped with a better general and technical education. It is not implied that education necessarily raises a man's moral standard, but it does, as a rule, increase his ambition and enlarge the possibilities before him.

Formerly an ignorant man who had worked up to the position of superintendent of motive power, for instance, often felt that he had reached his limit. The higher places were permanently closed to him. It was "up to him," then, to make the most possible out of his position while it lasted, and there were always plenty of salesmen ready to pay a handsome percentage for his favors. Nowadays the young fellow of good educational equipment who has reached the place of superintendent of motive power looks forward to becoming later a general manager or even a president. Ambition keeps a great many men honest.

3. Higher railroad officials, even up to the presidents, have been moved to take a personal interest in the purchases made for their companies.

In the old days the superintendent of motive power, for instance, might make a requisition on the purchasing agent for so many dozen gross of a certain device. If properly "seen" by the salesman of a company which manufactured the device in question he might so frame his specifications

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Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles on Graft in Business by Mr. Hyde. The third will be published in an early number.

that all the rival companies making the device would be entirely shut out of competition. The purchasing agent was practically forced to buy the device sold by the grafting salesman and to pay the price he fixed. That's all there was to it.

How greatly has the situation changed! The other day a railroad in the Middle West was in the market for a certain device. Down to the office of the purchasing agent of the road came its newly-elected president.

The device in question was made entirely of malleable iron. The president picked it up and examined it carefully. Then he spoke somewhat as follows:

"This is made of malleable iron castings. Three cents a pound would be a high price for such castings. How much does this weigh?"

He put it on the scales, and it weighed two and one-half pounds.

"The stock cost, then, is about seven and one-half cents. The machining, drilling and assembling could not have cost more than ten cents. The device costs you complete, then, about eighteen cents. Suppose we allow you twenty-five per cent. profit. We will not consider any bids above twenty-three cents apiece for this device."

Where does the grafting salesman "get off" after that?

Working along the same line, several roads have appointed regular committees on purchases, the membership of which includes the various officials who are directly interested, such as the purchasing agent, the superintendent of motive power and the master mechanic. It has to do chiefly with what are known to the trade as "specialties." If, for example, the road is in the market for freight-car couplers, this committee meets and carefully considers the merits of all the devices of the kind wanted. Under the rules by which the committee is governed, it must recommend at least two of the devices submitted, final decision between them being contingent on prices and other market considerations. By this method the possibility of graft is reduced to a minimum.

People who wish to do away with grafting in politics, or any other line of business where it is now prevalent, can do no better than to study these practical steps which have been successfully taken by the managers of great railroad companies, and adapt them to the conditions peculiar to their own problem. In them lies at least a partial solution of the whole shameful situation.

One Benefit of Competition

ANOTHER development which has had a decided effect in decreasing grafting in the railroad business is the increasing competition in the manufacture and sale of railroad supplies. Twelve years ago a certain railroad-coach wheel sold at the regular price of $100. The same company is to-day glad to get orders for its wheels at sixty dollars each. That cuts down the possibility of graft by forty per cent.

But let it not be fondly imagined that the railroad business has yet reached the point where it may serve as a model of purity for the emulation of men who work in other lines. There is graft enough left — and to spare.

The graft which swindles the public by unloading watered stock and other manipulated securities is still unfortunately all too common, and its beneficiaries pose unblushing in the limelight of high finance. They are still often held up as models and inspiring examples for the ambitious youth of the new generation. Their true and proper place in relation to their humbler brethren, the gold brick and green goods artists, it will take careful revision of the criminal statutes of the country to make clear.

The graft which enables a few men, controlling a steam or street railroad company, to make enormous personal fortunes by paying huge amounts to a construction company, which they control, is also not wholly extinct. It is, however, by no means so common as it was twenty or even fifteen years ago. No more striking illustrations of this dazzling form of graft can be found than that involved in the manipulation of the street railroad system of the north town of Chicago.

In 1886 the North Chicago City Railway Company had a flourishing horse railroad system. Along came the "Philadelphia crowd," organized the North Chicago Street Railroad Company, and leased the system of the old company for 999 years on terms which appeared to be most favorable to the lessor company. Who would not sign a lease which apparently guaranteed to him forever from thirty to forty per cent. income annually on his investment? But there was a large and carefully concealed joker in the contract of lease. It lay hid in a clause which provided that the new company should replace the old horse railroad with a cable system, and that the old company — the North Chicago City Railway Company and its stockholders — should pay the cost of making the change, payment to be secured by a mortgage which should draw six per cent. interest.

Accordingly the United States Construction Company was organized. It was entirely controlled by the same men who controlled the new street railway company. The construction company put in the cable system at a cost estimated by experts at a little over $3,000,000. In payment, the new street railway company — the lessee — paid to the construction company cash, bonds and its own securities to the amount of more than $6,000,000, or double the cost, all this sum being secured by mortgages on the property of the old street railroad company, the lessor.

Why did not the stockholders of the old company object? Because the United States Construction Company had bought up one share more than half of the stock of the old street railroad company, leaving the minority stockholders practically helpless and saddled with an enormous debt.

The average reader finds it hard to comprehend such complicated and involved transactions? Then he may the better understand how easy it was to hoodwink the stockholders in the original company, who sold their birthright for a mess of debts.

The Franchise Barons

SIMILAR transactions have disgraced the building of many other street and steam railroad systems and, quite often, have been joined with the other form of graft which busies itself with buying franchises and other concessions from debauched legislatures and city councils.

The robber barons of the feudal ages were angels in arms in comparison with this new order of nobility — the franchise barons of America. They lack only a college of heralds which shall provide for them proper coats-of-arms, showing greed, cunning and dishonor rampant on a sable background, with decency and all the virtues trampled under foot. They lack also, perhaps, investiture with the proper collar of their order — and that collar should be of hemp.

With such examples in high places before them, it is not to be wondered at that minor officials and important employees of transportation companies should fall easy victims to the blandishments of graft. Cash commissions, rebates, gifts or gratuities of various kinds were — and to a considerable extent still are — paid to purchasing agents, superintendents and others in a position to influence business.

A case where, during the holidays, the purchasing agent of a railroad received 2000 imported cigars from firms he dealt with was mentioned to the head of an important railroad supply house. He laughed:

"If he didn't get more than that I'll bet he was mad enough to shoot somebody. Why, on a good many roads the purchasing department is expected to keep the whole official staff supplied with cigars the year round! But that isn't graft in any sense of the word. It's merely a universal custom."

But the real grafter — the man who has taken a leaf from the book of the Philadelphia post-graduate school of graft — works in a different way. He almost always has a corporation behind him. The stock of that corporation is, as a rule, his bait. Nor is the method new. One of the largest corporations now engaged in the manufacture of railroad supplies adopted it more than twenty years ago. That was in the days when a cash percentage or commission was quite generally paid to superintendents of motive power and others in similar positions. The corporation in question knew a trick worth two of that, and less expensive. Its stock was selling above par and paid an annual interest of more than ten per cent. Its representative would call on a superintendent of motive power, and this conversation would follow:

"Jones, why don't you buy a few shares of stock in our company?"

"How do you think I can buy stock? I haven't got the price."

"Well, I guess we can arrange that. We'll sell you a block of stock to the par value of $10,000. We'll put it in your name right away and you needn't pay a cent down on it. It pays now twelve per cent. a year. We'll put the stock in escrow, and every year we'll credit you on the purchase price with seven-twelfths of the dividend and pay you five-twelfths in cash, or, if that doesn't suit you, we'll make any other arrangement of the same kind that you like. In that way it won't cost you a cent. In less than fifteen years seven-twelfths of the dividend will pay for the stock, at the end of which time we'll turn it over to you. And in the mean time you'll be drawing $500 a year in cash. How does that strike you?"

It usually "struck" him as a fine proposition, and he accepted it.

"Of course, Mr. Jones," the agent would then continue, "if you lose your present position before the stock is paid for that will cancel our contract, unless, of course, you take another one of the same kind and importance."

What's Sauce for the Goose

CONSIDER the ingenuity of that scheme. Technically speaking, it was nothing but a simple business transaction. The railroad supply company would not think for a moment of insulting the superintendent with a bribe! No, indeed! They gave him nothing. He was paid only a part of the legitimate earnings on his stock. The stock wasn't his? Why, wasn't he paying for it on a fixed basis of deferred payments? Surely there was nothing out of the way about that. Do you wonder that the man who devised the plan is now rated among the most powerful and richest of American millionaires?

Something along the same line — though usually less scientifically managed — is still practiced to some extent in the railroad supply business. If you can find the manager of a company who will admit that he counts purchasing agents and other railroad officials "worth having" among his stockholders he will probably defend his course somewhat as follows:

"Why, what's wrong about that? Who's in a better position to know the possibilities of the devices we manufacture than a purchasing agent whose business it is to study the merits and advantages of them all? And if he has some money to invest are you going to bar him out from putting it into what he knows is a good thing? That's ridiculous. Anyway, it's done publicly right along. The operating vice-president of one of the largest of the Eastern roads is a director in a company which makes a device which is gradually supplanting a rival device on the road he controls. There is no secret about that. His name is publicly printed in the list of directors. Why shouldn't it be? And if it is allowable for a vice-president to be a stockholder, why should the purchasing agent be barred out? The vice-president has ten times his influence, you know."

"But would the presidents and general managers of railroads permit their purchasing agents to hold stock in your company?"

"How are they going to know anything about it? Suppose you go to my stock-books and there you find certain blocks of stock standing in my own name? How are you going to go any further? I say that what's fair and right for a vice-president is fair and right for a purchasing agent, and I propose to take care of my friends."

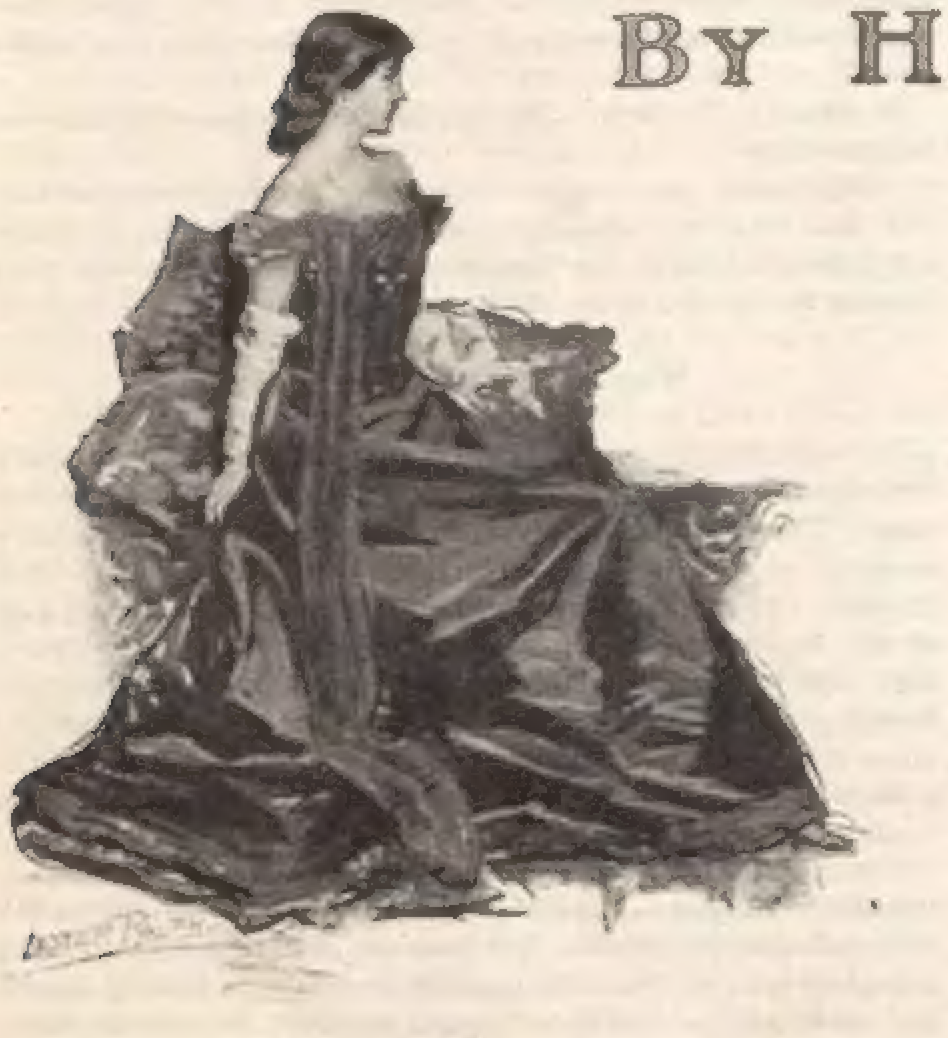
This article would leave a false impression in the mind of the reader if it did not make very clear the fact that conditions in the railroad construction and supply business have greatly improved within the last few years. It is also true that the tendency is still upward. There is more than one railroad official who holds such a nice and delicate standard of personal honor that he is regarded by his fellows and by the firms with whom he has dealings as a foolish crank. To such an one a large firm dealing in railroad specialties recently sent a handsome desk clock, with its compliments. On the bottom of the base of the clock was stamped the advertisement of the firm which sent it out. The general manager to whom it was sent promptly returned it. "Perhaps I am troubled with an ingrowing conscience," he wrote, "but at any rate I can't keep this clock." His action immediately became an object of derision among the trade generally, to whom it was told as a good story.

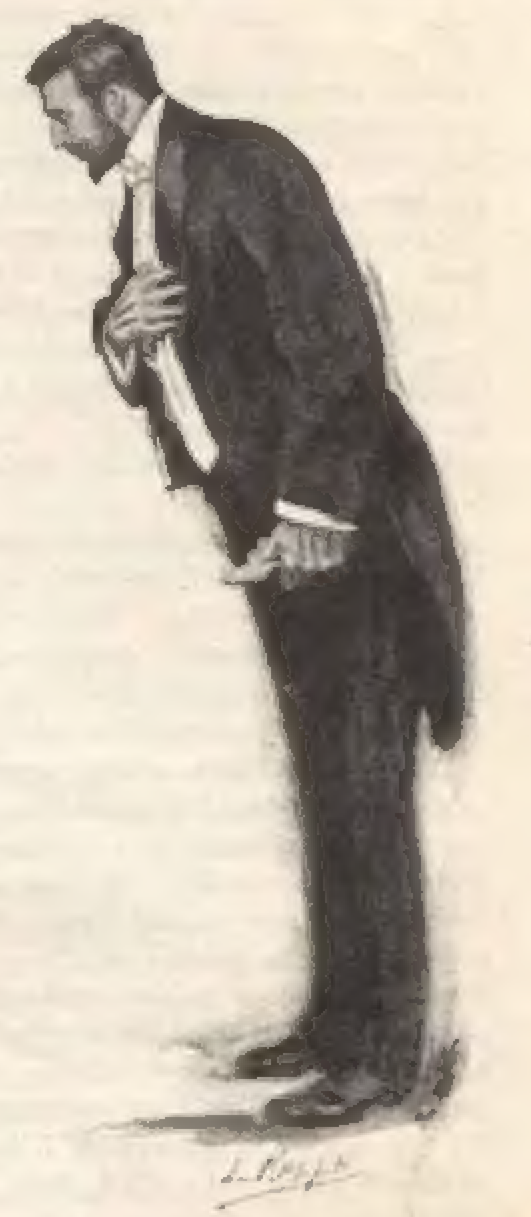
It may be that the general manager in question was an extremist. But the day is not yet when there seems to be an alarming danger of any general running to extremes in the same direction.

NO CINDERELLA

The Adventure of the Satin Slipper

BY HAROLD MACGRATH





I

MADAME, have you lost a slipper?" I asked politely. I held toward her the dainty shoe that might very well have appareled the foot of Venus; only one cannot quite lift the imagination to the point of picturing Venus rising out of the Cyprian wave in a pair of ballroom slippers.

"I am not yet addressed as madame," said she, calmly drawing her skirts about her feet, which were already securely hidden.

"Not yet? Ah, that is very fortunate, indeed. I see that I am not too late."

"Sir!"

But I saw no anger on her face. There was, however, a mixture of amusement, hauteur (that darling word of the lady novelists!) and objection. She hadn't the least idea who I was, and I was not going to tell her for some time to come. I was a prodigal, with a few new ideas.

"I meant nothing more serious than that you might happen to be Cinderella," said I. "What in the world should I do with Cinderella's slipper, once she was married to the prince?"

She swayed her fan indolently, but made no effort to rise. I looked upon this as rather encouraging.

"It would be somewhat embarrassing to ask a married woman if she were Cinderella," I proceeded.

"I should not particularize," she observed; "married or single, it would be embarrassing."

She was charming; a Watteau shepherdess in a fashionable ball-gown. She was all alone in the nook at the farther end of the conservatory; and I was glad. Her eyes were brown, with a glint of gold around the pupils, a kaleidoscopic iris, as it were. She possessed one of those adorable chins that defy the future to double them; smooth and round, such as a man delights to curve his palm under; and I might search the several languages I knew fitly to describe her red mouth. Her hair was the color of a fallen maple-leaf, a rich, soft, warm October brown, streaked with red. Patience! You may laugh, but, for my part, give me a dash of red above the alabaster brow of a pretty woman. It is a mute language which speaks of a sparkling intellect; and whenever I seek the exhilaration that rises from a witty conflict, I find me a woman with a glimmer of red in her hair.

"Well, sir?" said she, breaking in upon my train of specific adjectives.

"Pardon me! I was thinking how I should describe you were I a successful novelist, which I declare I am not."

"You certainly have all the assurance of a writer of books, to speak to me in this manner."

"My assurance is based wholly upon the possession of a truant slipper. I am bold; but the end justifies the means," having in mind her foot.

Her shoulders drew together and fell.

"I am searching for the Cinderella who has lost a slipper; and I am going to call you Cinderella till I have proof that you are not whom I seek."

"It is very kind of you," she replied with a hint of sunshine struggling at the corners of her lips. "Have I ever met you before?" puzzling her arched brows.

"Memory does not follow reincarnation," I answered owlishly; "but I daresay that I often met you at the Temple of Venus in the old, old days."

She appeared slightly interested.

"What, may I ask, was your business in the old, old days?"

"I played the cithern."

"And I?"

"I believe you distributed flowers."

"Do you know the hostess?" with solemn eyes.

"Oh, yes; though she hasn't the slightest recollection of me. But that's perfectly natural. At affairs like this the hostess recalls familiarly to her mind only those who sat at her dinner-table earlier in the evening. All other guests are paid obligations."

"You possess some discernment, at least."

"Thank you."

"But I wish I knew precisely what you are about," her eyes growing critical in their examination.

"I am seeking Cinderella," once more holding out the slipper. Then I looked at my watch. "It is not yet twelve o'clock."

"You are, of course, a guest here," ruminating, "else you could not have passed the footman at the door."

"Remark my attire; or, candidly, do I look like a footman?"

"No-o; I can't say that you do; but in Cinderella, don't you know, the footman carried the slipper."

"Oh, I'm the prince," I explained easily; "I dismissed the footman at the door."

"Cinderella," she mused. She nestled her feet, and looked thoughtfully at her delicate hands. I could see that she was at that instant recalling the picture of Cinderella and the ash-heap.

"What was the prince's name?"

"In this case it is just a prince of good fellows."

"I should like some witnesses." She gazed at me curiously, but there was no distrust in her limpid eye, as clear and moteless as Widow Wadman's.

"Isn't it fine," I cried with a burst of confidence, "to possess the courage to speak to strangers?"

"It is equally courageous to listen," was the retort.

"I knew that I should like you!" with enthusiasm.

She stirred uneasily. It might have been that her foot had suddenly grown chilled. A storm was whirling outside, and the pale, shadowy flakes of snow brushed the windows.

I approached her, held up the slipper and contemplated it with wrinkled brow. She watched me covertly. What a slipper! So small and dainty was it, so light and airy, that had I suddenly withdrawn my hand I verily believe that it would have floated. It was part satin and part skin, and the light, striking the inner side of it, permeated it with a faint, rosy glow.

"What a darling thing it is!" unable to repress my honest admiration. "Light as one of those snowflakes out yonder in the night. What a proud arch the instep has! Ah, but it is a high-bred shoe, fit to tread on the heart of any man. Lovely atom!"

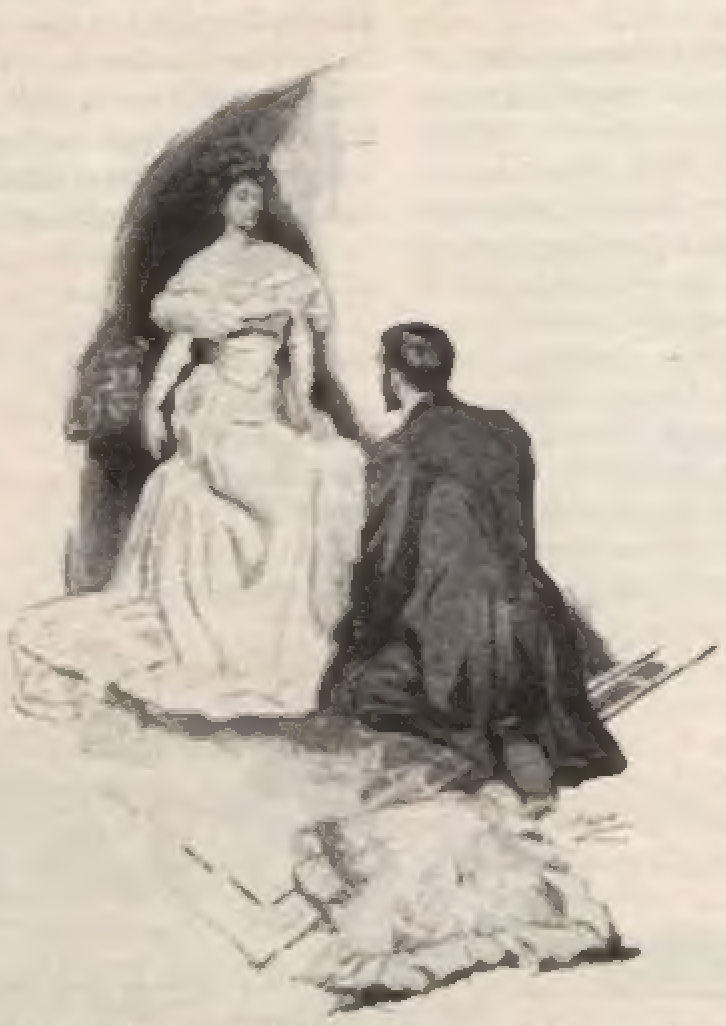
She stirred again. I went on:

"It might really belong to a princess, but only in a fairybook; for all the princesses I have ever seen couldn't put a hand in a shoe like this, much less a foot. And when I declare to you, upon my honor, that I have met various princesses in my time, you will appreciate the compliment I pay to Cinderella."

The smile on her lips wavered and trembled, like a puff of wind on placid water, and was gone.

"Leave it," she said, melting, "and begone."

"I couldn't. It wouldn't be gallant at all, don't you know. The prince himself put the slipper on Cinderella."



"WE'LL NOT HAGGLE OVER A COBBLER'S LICENSE," SHE SAID

"But this is a modern instance, and a prosaic world. Men are no longer gallants, but business men or club gossips; and you do not look like a business man."

"I never belonged to a club in my life."

"You do not look quite so unpopular as all that."

A witty woman! To be pretty and witty at the same time; the gifts of Minerva and Venus in lavishment!

"Besides, it is all very improper," she added.

"The shoe?" I cried.

"No; the shoe is proper enough."

"You admit it, then!" joyfully.

"I refer to the dialogue between two persons who have not been introduced."

"Convention! Formality! Detestable things, always setting Romance at arms' length, and making Truth desire to wear fashionable clothes."

"Nevertheless, this is improper."

"Why, it doesn't matter at all," I said negligently. "We both have been invited to this house to dance; that is to say, our hostess would not invite any objectionable persons. What you mean to say is, unconventional. And I hate convention and formality."

"Are you a poet, then?" with good-natured derision.

"Oh, no; I have an earning capacity and a pleasant income."

She really laughed this time; and I vaguely recalled pearls and coral and murmuring brooks.

"Won't you please do that again?" I asked eagerly.

But there must have been something in my gaze that frightened Mirth away, for she frowned.

Faintly came the music from the ballroom. They were playing the waltzes from The Queen's Lace Handkerchief. The agony of an extemporization seized me.

"Strauss!" I cried, flourishing the slipper. "The Blue Danube, the moonshine on the water, the tittle-tattle of the leaves, a man and woman all, all alone! Romance, love, off to the wars! . . ."

"It is a far cry to Cinderella," she interrupted.

"Ah, yes. Music moves me so easily."

"Indeed! It is scarcely noticeable," slyly.

"Are you Cinderella, then?"

"I do not say so."

"Will you dance with me to prove it one way or the other?"

"Certainly not," rather indignantly.

"Why not?"

"There are any number of reasons."

"Name just one."

"I do not know you."

"You ought to," with double meaning which went for nothing.

"My angle of vision obscures that idea."

"If you will stand up . . ." I hesitatingly suggested.

"I am perfectly comfortable where I am," with an oblique glance at the doorway.

"I am convinced that you are the Cinderella; I cannot figure it out otherwise."

"Do not figure at all; simply leave the shoe."

"It is too near twelve o'clock for that. Besides, I wish to demolish the pumpkin theory. It's all tommy-rot about changing pumpkins into chariots, unless you happen to be a successful pie-merchant."

She bit her lips and tapped her cheek with the fan. (Did I mention the bloomy cheeks?)

"Perhaps I am only one of Cinderella's elder sisters."

"That would be very unfortunate. You will recollect that the elder sisters cut off their ——!"

"Good gracious!"

"Cut off their toes in the mad effort to capture the prince," I continued.

"But I am not trying to capture any prince, not even a fairy prince; and I wouldn't ——"

"Cut off your toes?" I suggested.

"Prolong this questionable conversation, only ——"

"You cannot stop it till you have the shoe."

"Only," she went on determinedly, "I am so comfortable here that I do not care to return to the ballroom just at present."

"I never expected such a full compliment;" and I made her my most engaging bow.

"I'm afraid that you will have to cut off *your* toes to get into *that* shoe," maliciously.

"I could expect no less than that from you. You keep coming closer to my ideal every moment."

She shrugged disdainfully and assumed a bored expression that did not deceive me in the least.

"Since you are so determined to continue this dialogue, go and fetch some one you know. An introduction is absolutely necessary." She seemed immovable on this point.

"And the moment I turned my back—presto! away would go Cinderella, and I should be in the dark as much as ever regarding the pumpkins. No, I thank you. Be good, and confess that you are Cinderella."

"Sir, this really ceases to be amusing." Her fan closed with a snap.

"It was serious the moment I entered and saw you," I replied frankly.

"I ought to be annoyed excessively. You are a total stranger; I declare that I never saw you before in all my life. It is true that we are guests in the same house, but that does not give privilege to this particular annoyance. Here I am, talking to you as if it were distinctly proper."

"I cannot say that you have put your foot in it yet," having recourse to the slipper again. I was having a fine time.

She smiled in spite of the anger which sparkled in her eyes. Of course, if she became downright angry I should tell who I was, only it would spoil everything.

"And you do not know me?" I said dejectedly. "Do you mean to tell me that you have never dreamed of any Prince Charming?"

"I cannot say that I have," icily.

A flock of young persons came in noisily, but happily they contented themselves with the bowl of lemon-punch at the other end of the conservatory.

I sat down in the Roman chair which stood at the side of the window-seat. I balanced the slipper on the palm of my hand. Funny, isn't it, how much a woman will put up with rather than walk about in her stockings. And I wasn't even sure that she had lost a slipper. I wondered, too, where all her dancing partners were.

"You say that you do not know me," I began. "Let me see," narrowing my eyes as one does who attempts to recall a dim and shadowy past. "Didn't you wear your hair in two plaits down your back?"

"That is regular; it is still the custom; it proves nothing."

"Let me recall a rambling old garret where we used to hold shows."

Her fan opened again, and the tendrils at her temples moved gently.

"Once we played the Sleeping Beauty, and you said that I should always be Prince Charming. How easily we forget!"

She inclined forward a bit. There were signs of reviving interest. She began to scrutinize me; hitherto she had surveyed and examined me.

"Once ——"

"Say 'Once upon a time'; all fairy stories begin that way."

"Thank you; I stand corrected. Well, once upon a time you fell down these same garret stairs; and if you will lift that beautiful lock of hair from your right temple I shall see a scar. I am sure of your identity."

Unconsciously her hand strayed to her temple, and dropped.

"Whoever you are, you seem acquainted with certain youthful adventures. But some one might have told you these things, thinking to annoy me." Then the light in her eyes grew dim with the struggle of retrospection, the effort to pierce the veil of absent years, and to place me among the useless, forgotten things of youth, or rather childhood. "No, I cannot place you. Please tell me who you are, if I have ever known you."

"Not just now. Mystery arouses a woman's curiosity, and I frankly confess that I wish to arouse yours. You are nearly, if not quite, twenty-four."

"One does not win a woman's interest by telling her her age."

"But I am going to add that you do not look it."

"That is better. Now, let me see the slipper," holding out her hand.

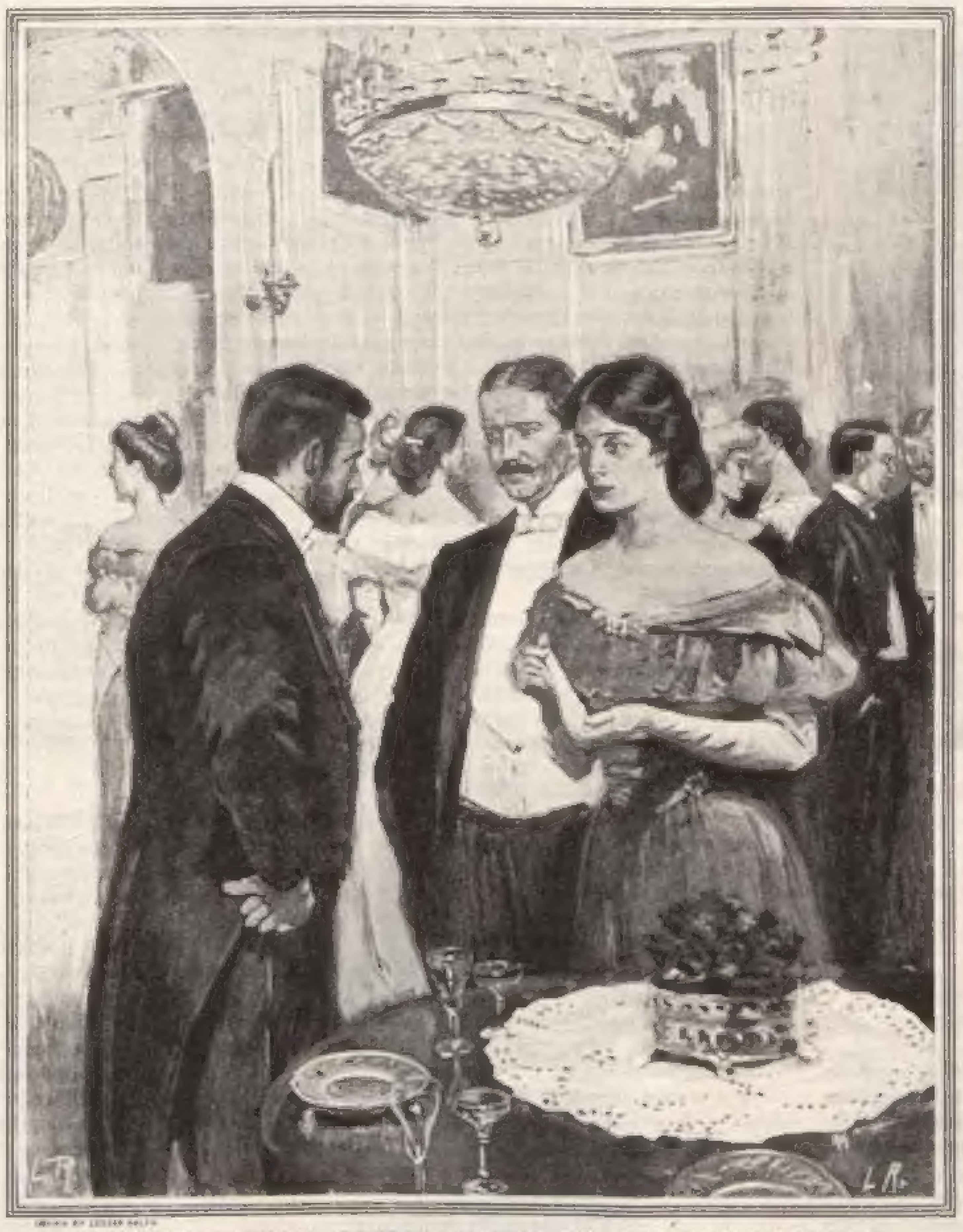
"To no one but Cinderella. I'd be a nice prince, wouldn't I, to surrender the slipper without finding Cinderella!"

"In these days no woman would permit you to put on her slipper, unless you were her husband or her brother."

"No! Then I have a much perverted idea of society."

"And," passing over my remark, "she would rather sit in a corner all the evening."

"But think of the fun you are missing!"


"I WOULDN'T BOTHER ABOUT HIS SLIPPER, NOT IF HE WENT BAREFOOTED ALL THE REST OF HIS LIFE," SAID I

"To be frank with you, I am not missing very much fun. I was at a dance last night, and the novelty begins to pall."

"At least, then, you will admit that I have proved a diversion."

"It will cost me nothing to admit that; but I think you are rude not to tell me right away who you are."

She looked out of the blurred windows. Her profile was beautiful to contemplate. And perhaps she knew it.

"Why don't you seek a footman," she asked, after a pause, "and have him announce that you have found a slipper?"

"Have you no more regard for romance than that?"

"You said that I was twenty-four years old. I have less regard for romance than for propriety."

"There you go again, battening down the hatches of convention! I am becoming discouraged."

"Is it possible? I have long since been."

She had always been a match for me.

Enter upon the scene (as they say in the playbooks) a flurried partner, rather young and tender to be thrown in company with twenty-four years of sparkling femininity. Well, that was his affair; I didn't propose to warn him.

"Oh, here you are!" he cried, brightening. "I've been looking for you everywhere," making believe that something was the matter with his gloves.

"Do you know this gentleman?" she asked, pointing with her fan to me.

I felt a nervous tremor. I wondered if she had been waiting for a moment like this.

The young fellow held out his hand; his smile was pleasant and inquiring.

"Wait a moment," she interrupted wickedly. "I am not introducing you. I am simply asking you if you know him."

Wasn't this a capital revenge?

"I . . . . I can't say that I ever saw the gentleman before," he stammered, mightily bewildered. Then all at once his face grew red with anger. He even balled his fists. "Has he dared ——"

"No, no! I only wished to know if you knew him. Since you do not there is nothing more to be done about it."

"But if he has insulted ——"

"Sh! That's not a nice word to hear in a conservatory," she warned.

"But I do not understand."

"It is not necessary. If you do not take me instantly to the ballroom you will lose the best part of the dance."

She rose, and then I saw two little blue slippers peeping out from under the silken skirts.

"You might have told me," I said reproachfully. "And now I do not believe any other Cinderella will do. Young man," said I, holding out the slipper for his inspection, "I was just paying this lady the very great compliment of thinking that this might be her shoe."

"And it isn't," she returned. "Now, in honor to yourself, what is my name?"

"You are Nancy Marsden."

"And you?"

"Your humble servant," bending.

"I shall soon find out."

"It is quite possible."

And then, with a hand on her escort's arm, she laughed, and walked (or should I say glided? It seems a sacrilege to say that so enchanting a creature walked) out of the conservatory, leaving me gazing ruefully and mournfully at the little white slipper in my hand.

Now, where in the world was Cinderella?

II

I THRUST the slipper into the tail of my coat, and strolled over to the marble bench which partly encircled the fountain. The tinkle of the falling water made a pleasant sound. Ten years! I had been away ten years. How quickly youth vanishes down the glimmering track of time! Here I was at thirty, rather old, too, for that number; and here was that pretty girl of fourteen grown into womanhood, a womanhood that would have stirred the pulses of many a man less susceptible than myself. That she was unmarried somehow made me glad, though why I cannot say, unless it be that vanity survives everything.

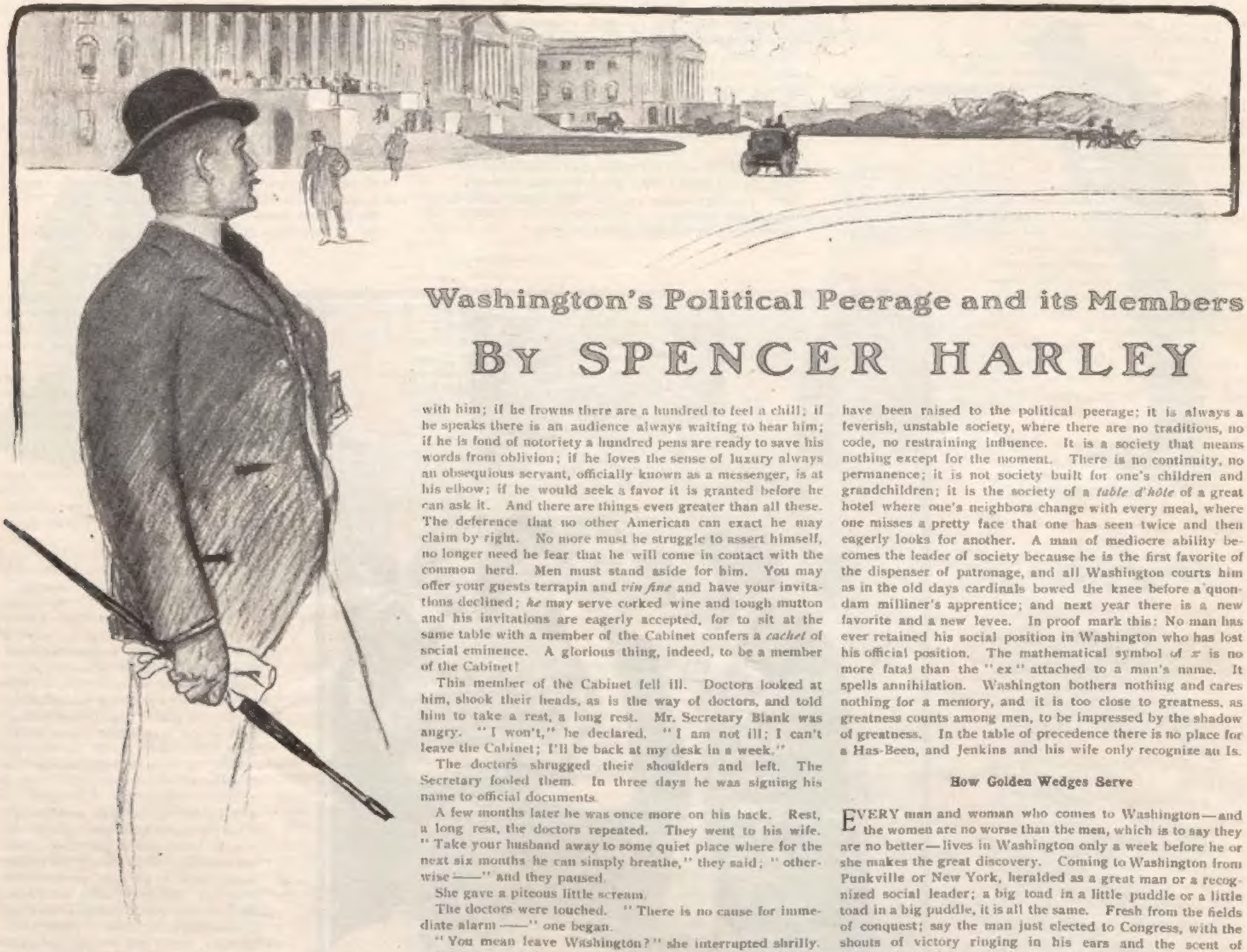
I had been violently in love with her: at that time she hadn't quite turned six. Then I had lorded it over her tender eighth year, and from the serene height of twenty I had looked down upon her fourteen in a fatherly, patronizing fashion. As I recalled her new glory the truth came upon me that she was like to pay me back with interest for all the snubs I had given her.

Off to Heidelberg and Bonn and Berlin! Student days! Heigho! Ten years is a long time. I might still have been an alien, an exile, but for my uncle's death and that the lonely aunt wanted a man about. (Not that I was much of a man to have about.) In all these ten years I had not once visited my native land, scandalous as it may seem; but I had always celebrated the Fourth of July in my garden, celebrated it religiously, too, and followed the general elections.

All these people (or nearly all of them) I had known in my youth; and now not one of them recognized me. There was a tang in this knowledge. No one likes to be completely forgotten, save the absconding bank-clerk and the defeated candidate. I had made no effort to recall myself to those I met. My hostess thoughtlessly supposed that I should take upon myself the labor of renewing acquaintance; but I found this rather impossible. Everything was changed, the people

(Continued on Page 22)

SNOBS' PARADISE



Washington's Political Peerage and its Members

BY SPENCER HARLEY

THERE died during a certain Administration of some years ago a member of the Cabinet. . He had been done to death by his womenkind. He had been sacrificed to gratify the vanity of women inoculated by the microbe of society.

He began life as a poor boy, he made money, he went into politics, he became a rich man, did this member of the Cabinet. There are some women who can step from a peasant's hovel to a palace and grace it as if to the manner born, and there are some women who are always middle class, always commonplace, always ill at ease in their rustling silks and their diamonds. Of the latter sort were the women who belonged to this Cabinet member's family.

There was nothing of the grand seigneur about Mr. Secretary Blank. He was a "good fellow"—rather undignified, kind, fond of his family; rather oppressed by his greatness; always a little fearful of committing some *faux pas*; never quite unembarrassed when talking to a great lady; frequently wishing for the old life when he could do as he pleased and stick his fork into a dish of potatoes instead of having to eat under the searching gaze of three men in irreproachable livery; and yet immensely pleased and flattered by the knowledge that he was a member of the Cabinet.

For the man must be of iron or ice whose vanity is not touched when he is made a member of the Cabinet, and one must live in Washington and know the life of Washington fully to appreciate this. One may be a leader in any other city—a leader of society, or finance, or letters, or any other profession—and one is never sure that on the morrow his power will not be wrested from him by a rival. A member of the Cabinet need have no fears. His position is fixed. If Mr. Secretary laughs there are a hundred men to laugh with him; if he frowns there are a hundred to feel a chill; if he speaks there is an audience always waiting to hear him; if he is fond of notoriety a hundred pens are ready to save his words from oblivion; if he loves the sense of luxury always an obsequious servant, officially known as a messenger, is at his elbow; if he would seek a favor it is granted before he can ask it. And there are things even greater than all these. The deference that no other American can exact he may claim by right. No more must he struggle to assert himself, no longer need he fear that he will come in contact with the common herd. Men must stand aside for him. You may offer your guests terrapin and *vin fine* and have your invitations declined; *he* may serve corked wine and tough mutton and his invitations are eagerly accepted, for to sit at the same table with a member of the Cabinet confers a *cachet* of social eminence. A glorious thing, indeed, to be a member of the Cabinet!

This member of the Cabinet fell ill. Doctors looked at him, shook their heads, as is the way of doctors, and told him to take a rest, a long rest. Mr. Secretary Blank was angry. "I won't," he declared. "I am not ill; I can't leave the Cabinet; I'll be back at my desk in a week."

The doctors shrugged their shoulders and left. The Secretary fooled them. In three days he was signing his name to official documents.

A few months later he was once more on his back. Rest, a long rest, the doctors repeated. They went to his wife. "Take your husband away to some quiet place where for the next six months he can simply breathe," they said; "otherwise ——" and they paused.

She gave a piteous little scream.

The doctors were touched. "There is no cause for immediate alarm ——" one began.

"You mean leave Washington?" she interrupted shrilly.

"Of course," he answered with a shade of irritation. "He must have absolute rest and ——"

For a second time she broke in. "Impossible!" she replied. "It would kill him to leave Washington; his heart is so wrapped up in his work."

The doctors shrugged their shoulders again, and left.

The Madness of Society

THE truth is that the woman and her daughters had gone mad over society and their position. In Washington they were great people, every night they gave a dinner or were invited to dinner, and to give up all this, to go back to the narrow life of the little city whence they came, was more than they could accept. They had tasted of the joys of society in Washington, and its glitter had made them slaves. They simply could not break from it; they would not believe in the doctors; they made the Secretary believe that he was not seriously ill. The end came as the doctors predicted: the Secretary died a victim to his own weakness and vanity.

The city of Washington is the snobs' paradise, the seventh heaven of delight for people who are tremendously impressed with their own importance and must flaunt it before the world. Politicians, like actors, love the glare of the limelight, and their education does not encourage the virtue of modesty. They do not change when they are admitted into Washington society.

It is "society," and yet it makes no pretense to possess an aristocracy. Natural selection plays no part in its composition. Incongruous elements are pitched into the mass, simply because they are political elements; the most foolish and the most vulgar may strut and swagger because they have been raised to the political peerage; it is always a feverish, unstable society, where there are no traditions, no code, no restraining influence. It is a society that means nothing except for the moment. There is no continuity, no permanence; it is not society built for one's children and grandchildren; it is the society of a *table d'hôte* of a great hotel where one's neighbors change with every meal, where one misses a pretty face that one has seen twice and then eagerly looks for another. A man of mediocre ability becomes the leader of society because he is the first favorite of the dispenser of patronage, and all Washington courts him as in the old days cardinals bowed the knee before a quondam milliner's apprentice; and next year there is a new favorite and a new levee. In proof mark this: No man has ever retained his social position in Washington who has lost his official position. The mathematical symbol of x is no more fatal than the "ex" attached to a man's name. It spells annihilation. Washington bothers nothing and cares nothing for a memory, and it is too close to greatness, as greatness counts among men, to be impressed by the shadow of greatness. In the table of precedence there is no place for a Has-Been, and Jenkins and his wife only recognize an Is.

How Golden Wedges Serve

EVERY man and woman who comes to Washington—and the women are no worse than the men, which is to say they are no better—lives in Washington only a week before he or she makes the great discovery. Coming to Washington from Punkville or New York, heralded as a great man or a recognized social leader; a big toad in a little puddle or a little toad in a big puddle, it is all the same. Fresh from the fields of conquest; say the man just elected to Congress, with the shouts of victory ringing in his ears and the scent of incense burned by sycophants still in his nostrils; or the newly-appointed Commissioner of the Red Tape and Sealing-Wax Office, whose picture has been in the local papers and whose biography has been printed at length—Member of Congress or Commissioner, "Mrs. Congressman" or "Mrs. Commissioner": and in Washington women are given the courtesy rank of their husbands—they quickly learn how small they really are, into what insignificant atoms they have been transformed. Intellect, refinement, birth, breeding, character—all these count for nothing; official rank and a check-book are everything. A society that has no code and no canons easily yields to any person of audacity with money enough to buy his way in. The rich pusher finds fewer obstacles to overcome in Washington than anywhere else, provided only he will spend lavishly. The trick has been tried and worked successfully a dozen times.

Here is a case in point. There came to Washington a man who made his first acquaintance with life as a barefooted, out-of-elbows boy. He was a born trader with a genius for amassing money. At fourteen he had $100 in a savings bank; at twenty he was a capitalist with $500; at twenty-five he was worth $3000 invested to yield him eight per cent. At thirty he was a millionaire. At forty he had so many millions he scarce knew their extent.

At fifty he built a grand house in the city where he had lived for many years and invited society to enter. But "Society" laughed. It was too preposterous. You cannot take to your arms your washerwoman even if she has a million dollars—somebody else's washerwoman is another story. The great house echoed only to the sound of the footsteps of the army of servants; but "society" sniffed contemptuously and drove past without even turning to look at the priceless lace curtains.

Vouched for by a woman of position (who was perhaps not entirely disinterested, but motives are the very last thing Washington cares about), with a check-book always open, it was not long before Washington began to talk about the Blanks, who gave their friends "more for their money," as an irreverent attaché remarked, than any one else

Once I asked a great man in Washington society to explain the mystery

"Why do you and other people," I said, "go to the Blanks; what is there so attractive about them that commands the presence of persons of education and refinement who really know society?"

He laughed sardonically "Don't they make a good background?" he asked Then he laughed again and offered me a cigarette. "A magnificent background," he repeated. He was a man learned in his generation; a man who had played life, and to him the game was still interesting.

"I confess I don't understand," I said

"No," he replied with a slightly amused air, "but why not? What is there for us to do except to give dinners so that we may meet each other and eat more than is good for us and talk a lot of nonsense Whether I am host or guest makes little difference, as I shall nine times out of ten talk to the same men and women, only I shall be put to more trouble and expense as host than as guest. Here comes a man who takes all the annoyance off my hands, who gives me the best of everything, and to whom I do not have to say more than half a dozen words during the evening Surely a most excellent arrangement."

But ——" He was a great man I hesitated

"Oh, yes," he remarked with an air of detachment, "I saw it. You think that we, myself included, lower ourselves and forget our dignity when we go to the Blanks for the very sordid reason I have given you. Possibly. Well ——" He shrugged his shoulders and lit another cigarette

"Look at the life we lead in Washington," he went on dispassionately. "Resolve it into its component parts and see the molecules that make the body social

"We begin at the diplomatic corps Ambassadors and Ministers are seldom rich, although they are usually liberally paid and surround themselves with an air of dignity A really great Ambassador we have seldom had in Washington, generally they are men of not more than average ability, who through luck or favoritism have reached what in my opinion is the greatest prize a man can strive for. They have little to do, and a couple of hours a day, mostly devoted to routine matters that a clerk of fair intelligence and routine experience could do just as well, and very often better, constitutes their morning's work. The rest of the day is given up to amusement — riding, driving, walking or calling in the afternoon; dinner or the theatre in the evening. The junior members of the corps are, with rare exceptions, impecunious, empty-headed, vapid young men, who must be amused, who are much run after by foolish young women and scheming mothers, who accept every invitation that is offered them and think they confer a great favor when they honor you with their presence Frankly, between them and the Blanks I see little to choose

"You see, we have no society in the true sense of the word as it is known in Europe. A man who can induce a corrupt legislature to send him to the Senate carries with him the right to demand the gates of society to be thrown open In London society is not composed exclusively of officials, nor does a man lose his place in society because he has lost his office. The Marquis of Lansdowne, for instance was a great social figure before he was Foreign Secretary and will be equally great when he retires from the Cabinet; but how many Americans have known much of society before they entered the Cabinet, and what place do they occupy in society after their Secretaryships have been stripped from them?

In any other American city society is a permanent institution to which the few are born but the many reach by slow and painful exertion. In Washington it is otherwise. The Senate, like death, levels all social distinctions. Every Senator is as good as any other, and no man can arrogate to himself superiority because of birth or blood. A Senator of coarse manners must be treated with the same consideration as a Senator well bred and cultivated, because the power of a Senator is so great it is dangerous to anger him. Outside of the official class there is no society. There is no resident society, no magnate to whom politics is indifferent. Here and there one finds a rich man to whom Washington, as a residence city, is agreeable, or a few persons whose interests are in Washington, but they are so few they do not constitute an element. And the unofficial person has no recognized standing and no precedence He must always give way to the official and bring up the rear. Socially, Washington exists only for the official world, with the non-official graciously permitted to pay for the amusement of the mandarin class."

Then in Washington rank is really the guinea stamp and exalts its possessor above all the virtues?"

"Precisely. Take as an illustration our common friend — and the adjective fits him to a nicety — the Secretary of the Red Tape and Sealing Wax Office. He is a man not only without culture and education, but there is a coarse streak to him; in fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, he is not a gentlemen.

When a President makes up his Cabinet he is seldom his own master and has to build with the bricks that are given him, and Dash is made a member of the Cabinet. He has money, and being a member of the Cabinet he has a definite social position in Washington. You see, he is one of the few men who has ready access to the President, whose wife will see the wife of the President nearly every day, who will eat at the President's table several times in the course of the season, whose guest the President will be. Don't let us humbug ourselves. We all like to sit at the same table with the President, we all like to tell the good story we heard the President tell at Secretary Dash's dinner. Secretary Dash may be ignorant, unlettered, uncultured, as stupid as a pig with the manners of a pig; but when Secretary Dash asks us to dinner, and we know the President will be there, we shall accept the invitation as soon as we are able to write it"

The speaker lit another cigarette.

So official rank is everything?" I asked

"Pretty nearly so The status of the Senator is fixed, so is that of the Justice of the Supreme Court, of the

(Concluded on Page 16)

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellairs, etc.

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CHAPTER XII

THE manor house was very [illegible] and very solid. It held nothing of any high value, perhaps but it held nothing cheap, or weak It was complete before the days of machine-made furniture and of so called æsthetic art, and those that had ruled over it since had been withheld by innate taste or a happy lack of means from adding to it either within or without. Thus it had remained at a standstill through an extraordinary lapse of years, and all was now beautifully, frankly old: it stood in its simplicity, perfect in antique shabbiness. Only without the creepers flung ever new shoots about the sturdy strength of the stones; only within it was haunted by a memory, by a presence, and this presence was young even to boyhood. And the young ghost harmonized with the aged house, seemed to belong to it as surely as — year by year — the spirit of spring to the ancient garden

Rosamond, whose life purpose had so long been to avoid the haunting of the past, awoke in the dawn of her first day at Saltwoods to find herself in a very habitation of memories, nay, more, to feel, in some inexplicable manner, that the dead were more alive in this house than the quick, and yet — strange mystery of the heart — that she was glad of it. She watched the dawn wax as on one memorable morning in her far-off Indian palace; not here on beetle's-wing green and eastern glow of carmine and purple, but upon brown of wainscot oak and dim rosebud of faded chintz And as the light spread between the gaps of the shutters there grew upon her from the paneled wall a strong, young face with bold, wide-open eyes — eyes very young, set under brows already thoughtful. A very English face, despite the olive of the cheek and the darkness of the hair

"I felt I was not alone," said Rosamond, half in dream, supporting herself on her elbow to look more nearly; "and so it was you!"

But the eyes were gazing past her, out on life, full of eagerness; and the close lips were set with a noble determination. What great things this boy soldier was going to make of his future!

Rosamond let herself fall back upon her pillows, something like a sob in her throat Then, opposite to her, between the windows, she met full the glance of the same eyes that had but now avoided hers. They were child's eyes this time, gazing, full of soft wonder, out of a serious child's face, framed by an aureole of copper curls — the wonderful tint that is destined to turn to densest black

MISS ASPASIA CUNINGHAM

Rosamond stretched at ease, resting her eyes in those of the lovely child's — childless woman, who had never desired children began to picture to herself how proud a mother would be of such a little son as this. And then her mind wandered to the mother, who, lying where she now lay, had feasted her waking heart and gratified her maternal pride so many mornings with this vision.

Then something began to stir in her that had not yet stirred before: an inchoate desire, an ache, a jealousy: yes, a jealousy of the dead woman who had borne such a child! She turned restlessly from the sight of the two pictures, flung herself to the far side of the bed, and sent her glance and thought determinedly wandering into the recess of an alcove where night still kept the growing light at bay

A drowsiness fell over her mind again; with vague interest she found herself speculating what might the different objects be that the darkness still enwrapt partly from her sight

Here was a high chair of unusual shape — a *prie-dieu?* Here was a Gothic bracket, jutting from the wall above; thereon something glimmered palely forth: a statuette, perchance, or alabaster vase of special slender art? Nay, not so, for now she could distinguish the wide-stretched arms, the pendent form; it was the carven ivory of a crucifix. The late Mrs. English's shrine, her altar? Rosamond's interest quickened — she had heard of this unknown relative's goodness from the son's lips, but had never heard this goodness specified as regarded religion. His mother, then, had been High Church . . . Roman Catholic, perhaps? Rosamond was almost amused, with the detached amusement of one to whom religion means little personal.

Under this impulse of curiosity she rose from her bed, pulled the window shutters aside to let in the day, and then went back to examine the alcove

It held a shrine indeed, an altar to inevitable sacrifice, to the most sacred relics. Beneath the pallid symbol, figure of the Great Renunciation, was placed a closed frame. And all around and about, in ordered array, the records of a boy's life: medals for prowess in different sports; a cup or two; a framed certificate of merit; in front of the frame, a case bulging with letters. Upon each side of the altar hung shelves filled with books, some in the handsome livery of school prizes, some in the battered covers of the much-perused playroom favorite

Rosamond stood and looked. A moment or two she hesitated, then she began to tremble. There was within her the old desire of flight, the old sick longing to hide away, to bury, to ignore. But something stronger than herself held her. The day was passed when she could deny herself to sorrow. The cup was at her lips, and she knew that she must drink

She would open that letter-case, she would gaze at the face in the closed frame; her coward heart was to be spared no longer.

She took up a volume. As it fell apart she saw the full-page bookplate engraved with the arms of Winchester School and the fine copperplate inscription

Anno Sæculari 1884
Præmium in re Mathematica
Meritus et consecutus est Henricus English
(Hæc olim meminisse juvabit)

The life of Christopher Columbus. . . . It was bound in crimson calf, and the gilt edges of its unopened pages clung crisply together

She replaced it on the shelf, and, with the same dreary mechanical determination, drew forth another. The "Boy's Own Book"; a veteran, this; from too much loving usage, dog-eared, scored with small, grimy finger-prints; its quaint woodcuts highly colored here and there by a very juvenile artist

"To Henry English, on his ninth birthday, from his affectionate mother," ran the dedication, in a flowing Italian hand. A gift that had made a little lad very happy, some twenty-five years ago.

And now Rosamond's fingers hovered over the case of letters. Well did her heart forebode whose missives lay treasured there. Nevertheless, the sight of the handwriting struck her like a stab. Not yet could she summon strength to read those close-marked pages. Nay, were they even hers to read?

"Darling old Mother——" This was not for her.

Yet she turned the sheets over and over, lingering upon them. Here was an envelope, indorsed in the same fair running hand as the book: "My beloved son's last letter." And here, on a card, was gummed a piece of white heather—memorial of God knows what pretty coquetry between the stalwart soldier and his "darling old Mother."

What things must people live through—people who dare to love!

Rosamond had never loved. Had she not done well? When love offered itself to her she had been too young to know its face. And now. . . . She dropped the case from her hands as if it burnt her, and stood poised for flight, then, as if driven by an invincible force, seized upon the closed frame, almost with anger. Fate held her; she could not escape

Harry English, looking at her! Not the child, not the adolescent, but Harry the man, as she, his wife, had known him. Even through the incomplete medium of a photograph the strong black and white of his coloring, the bold line of his features, the concentrated, purposeful expression was reproduced with an effect of extraordinary vitality

It seemed almost impossible to think of him as dead who could look at her so livingly from this little portrait

Old Mary came in hurriedly.

"Here I am, ma'am, here I am! I heard you call."

Rosamond lifted dazed eyes. It took a perceptible space of time for the meaning of the words to filter to her brain. Then she said with vague impatience:

"I did not call"

"But you wanted me, surely," said the woman. Her glance wandered from the portrait in her new mistress' hand to the disorder on her old mistress' altar. "Surely you wanted me, ma'am."

She took a warm wrapper from the bed and folded it around Lady Gerardine. She supported her to an armchair and placed a cushion to her feet. The ministering hands were warm and strong; and Rosamond felt suddenly that in truth she was cold and weak, and that these attentions were grateful to her. She looked up again at the withered face, ethereally aged, at the blue eyes that seemed illumined from some source not of this world

"Perhaps I did want you," she said

A thin, self-absorbed, silent woman was old Mary. She regarded the world as with the gaze of the seer and moved within the small circlet of her duty wrapped in a mystic dignity of her own. Some held her in contempt, as madwoman; others in awe, as having "seen things."

If the manor-house had the reputation of being haunted it was doubtless due to Mary's ways. No one from the neighborhood would have consented to inhabit the ancient place with her. But fortunately Mary had a stout niece of her own, who averred that ghosts were indigestion, and who slept the sleep of the scrubber and the just, no matter what else might walk

The housekeeper's strange eyes softened as she looked down into the fair, pale face of her young master's widow.

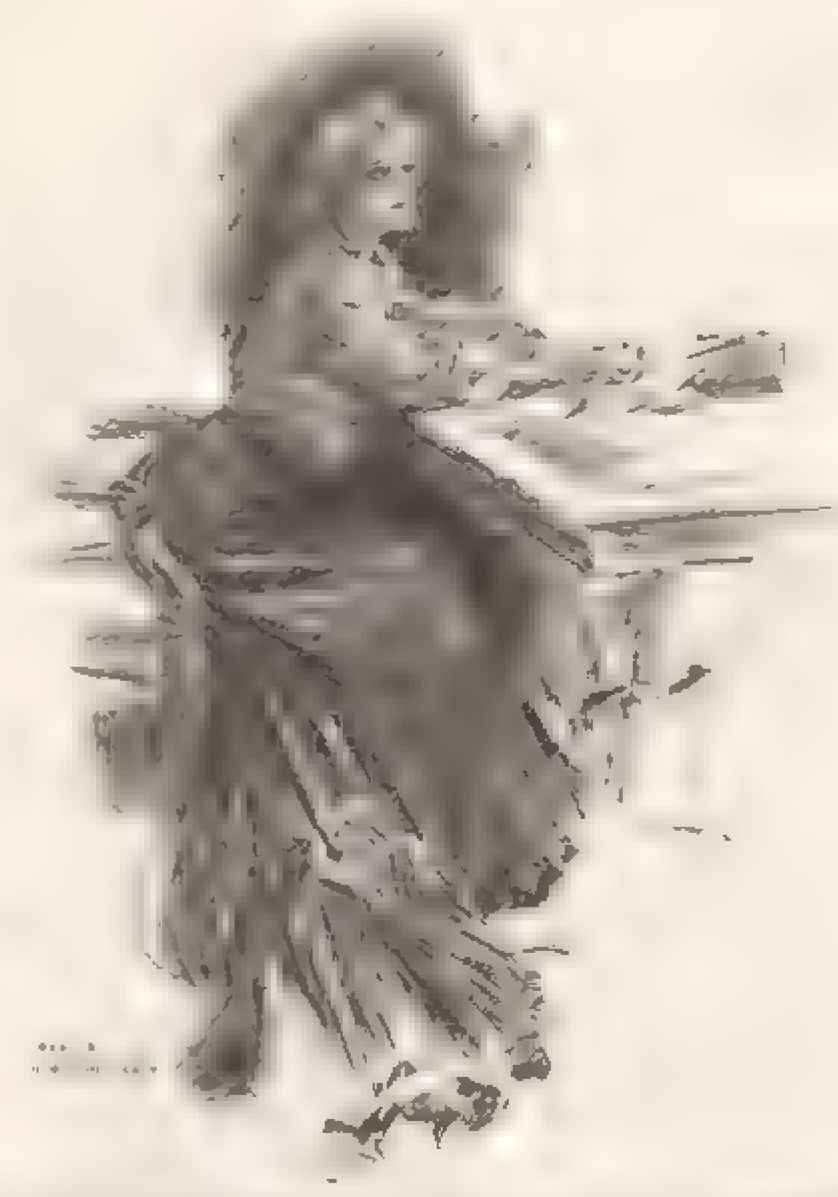
"My dear lady that's gone," she said, "must be glad to know that there is another heart keeping watch here."

Her voice was soft and had a muffled sound as of one used to long silence. The tone seemed to harmonize with the singularity of the words. A small, cold shiver ran over Rosamond; she stared without replying.

"The day the news came," proceeded the housekeeper dreamily, "she set up that altar to him. And there she found peace."

As old Mary spoke, the habit of the trained servant was still strong upon her. She stooped to tuck in the fold of Rosamond's dressing gown closer around her feet

"There she prayed," she went on as she straightened herself again; "and then he came back to her in peace.



HER EYES WERE MUSINGLY FIXED UPON THE RAIN BEATEN PANE WITH THE KNOCKING IVY BRANCH

Rosamond closed the frame in her hands with a snap. She felt every impulse within her strike out against the mystic atmosphere that seemed to be closing around her

"What are you saying?" she cried sharply. "In Heaven's name, what do you mean? Who came back—the dead?"

Old Mary smiled again. She bent over the chair

"Why, ma'am," she said, as if speaking to a frightened child, "you don't need to be told, a good lady like you: to those that have faith there is no death."

"No death!" echoed Rosamond. "All life is death Everything is full of death."

There was a strangling bitterness in her throat that broke forth in a harsh laugh. The placid room seemed to swim round with her; when she came to herself the servant was holding her hands once more. Mary's voice was falling into her ears with a measured, soothing cadence:

"Not here. There is no death in this house. Don't you feel it, ma'am? It's not death that is here. Why, her that is gone, she passed from me there, in that bed, as the night passes into day. That is not death. Not an hour before the summons came for her she was wandering—as the doctor called it. I knew better. She saw him and was speaking to him. 'Ah, Harry,' she says, joyful, 'I knew you were not dead.' And then she turns to me. 'He is not dead, Mary,' she says; 'it was all a mistake.'"

Rosamond listened, her pale lips apart, her gaze dark and wondering

Why, ma'am," went on old Mary. "Haven't you felt it yourself, this night, didn't you feel his sweet company the minute you set foot in the house? I think it was my lady's great love that brought him back here. And now that she is gone he's still here. And it's strange, he's here more than she is. She does not come as he does."

Her eyes became fixed on far-off things. Still clasping Rosamond's hand, she seemed to transmit a glow, a warmth that reached to the heart. Rosamond's sick and cowering soul felt at rest as upon a strength greater than her own.

His company! Was that not what she had felt? Was it not that to which she had awakened? Aye, the old woman was right: it was sweet!

"There is no death," asserted old Mary once again. "No death unless we make it. It's our fault if our dead do not live for us; it's our earthly bodies that won't acknowledge the spirit. It's we who make our dead dead, who bury them, who make corpses of them and coffins for them, to hide them away in the cold earth."

Rosamond wrenched her hands from the wrinkled grasp She sprang to her feet, seized by a sudden anguish that was actual physical pain

'Go, go!" she cried wildly. She was caught up as in a whirlwind of unimaginable terror. What had she done? Had she laid Harry English in the grave? Was he dead to her through her own deed, he that had lived on for his mother? Had she in her cowardice hammered him into his coffin, and would he always be a corpse to her because she had made him dead?

Through the inarticulate voices of her torment she heard the door close and felt she was alone. And then she found herself upon her knees before the little shrine, the photograph-case still clenched between her fingers, praying blindly, madly, inarticulately—to what? she knew not. To the white Christ on the cross, who had risen from the dead? Or to the strong soldier whose image she held, and for whom there could be no rising again?

When the storm passed at length she was broken, chilled and uncousoled. Old Mary's words came back to her: "She prayed there and she got peace." Well, the mother may have found peace in prayer; but for the wife there was none! "He came back in peace!" He had not come back to her—to Rosamond, his wife!

A wave of revolt broke over her, against death, against stupid, blind fate.

She rose slowly to her feet; her glance swept the homelike room—the bed where the mother had died—to end once again upon the altar. What right had she, the old woman, to lay claim to Rosamond English's husband? The babe, the boy, may have been hers, let her have him. But the man—the man belonged to the wife. "And ye shall leave father and mother and cleave to one." "There is authority for it in your very Scriptures," cried Rosamond aloud; and, with fingers trembling with passionate eagerness, she set to work to rob the frame of its treasure, the shrine of its chief relic

Soon it lay in her hand, the little clipped photograph. She carried it away, from the altar to the window, and stood a long, long while, devouring it with her gaze. So had he looked. No man had ever bolder, truer eyes. Ah, and no woman but Rosamond had seen them flame into passion—passion that yet then had had no meaning for her who saw! And those lips, folded into sternness, had any one known them to break into lines of tenderness as they were used for her? None at least, not even his mother, had heard them whisper what they had whispered to the wife—to the wife whose ears had been deaf then, as a child's, because of her uncomprehending heart

What was it old Mary had said? "It is we who make our dead dead." And had he lived on in this house because of the love of a withered heart, and should he not live again for her, his wife who was young—and still virgin to love?

What she had buried she would dig out of the earth again were it with bleeding fingers. That voice should speak once more, were each accent to stab her with its poignancy of loss He should live, were it to be her death.

With dilated nostrils, panting for breath, her hair floating behind her, beautiful in her thrall of passion like some Valkyr rising over blood and death, she rushed to the door and summoned Jani with ringing call. There is an exaltation of spirit to which pain is highest joy, and Rosamond ran now to her sorrow as the mystic to his cross

"Jani!" she called. "Bring me Captain English's box

CHAPTER XIII

THE days dropped into the cup of time; measures of light and shade, of waxing and waning, ushered in with pale winter dawns, huddled away in rapid, gloomy twilights, according to the precise yearly formula

But to Rosamond these hours in the forgotten old manor house on the moorlands, where the winds were the only visitors brought so great a change that it was as if a gate had been shut upon her former road

A common prate is that time works the changes in us And when we look from the child to the man, it would seem absurd even to raise the question. Yet it is not time that works the mightiest changes. Nay, in the world of the soul time but emphasizes. The great upheavals that obliterate in our lives all familiar landmarks, that do alter everything down to our most intimate capacity of feeling, are sometimes but the work of one instant. It is not time that ravages, it is not time that draws the wrinkle seared into the heart; not to time do we owe the spread of the gray, instead of the gold that used to color the web of existence. A man may carry the singing soul of his April to the deathbed of his old body. Yet again the heart may wither in a span so short as scarce to be measured

And sometimes a change, so complete that even within our own soul we find ourselves suddenly on foreign ground, will come without any striking external event, without any apparent outside reason. In the life of the soul a crisis has occurred—and lo! the very world of God is different. Nay, God himself is another to us.

During these short, wind-swept November days in the green and brown manor-house, there, amid the solitary downs, did such a change come to Rosamond. Had she tried she could scarce have found her old self again. But she did not try; for this new self was at peace, was wrapped in dreams of great sweetness, and yet awake to a life hitherto not even guessed at

In the attic room that had been Harry's own she sat alone A furious shower was pattering on the tiles close over her head, a drenched ivy spray was beating against the gable window like a frantic thing that wanted shelter, a pair of sparrows were answering each other with defiant chirrup Far below in the house Aspasia was lustily calling upon a recreant kitten. In the moorland silence these few trivial sounds became insistent, and yet seemed but to assert the silence itself.

She was seated at the wide, battered old writing-table which schoolboy Harry English had scored with penknife and chisel, burned and inkstained. Before her a small writing-desk was spread open, and two or three letters lay loosely under her clasped hands. Her eyes were musingly fixed upon the rain-beaten pane with the knocking ivy branch; her lips were parted by a vaguely recurrent smile. An[illegible] the smile came and went, a transient red glowed faintly upon her cheeks. . . . The world for her now was not upon the edge of winter: it was spring. She was not Rosamond Gerardine, out of touch with life, she was not Rosamond English, widow—she was Rosamond Tempest maid once more, on the threshold of her life, at the April of the year. And Harry English was her lover. And yet she was a Rosamond Tempest such as he had never known—such a Rosamond Tempest as had never yet existed

She took the letter that lay uppermost to her hand It was dated Saltwoods. Written here—at this very desk, no doubt. Perhaps with this very ivory penholder, fluted yellow, stained, while he sat in this same Windsor chair . . . Unconsciously she caressed the worn wooden arms whereon his arms must have rested. Again she read

'Saltwoods, 19th April

On that April 19, all those years ago, he was thinking of her, writing to her! And she—so many miles away, shut in by the dreariest prison walls fate had ever built round a young, impatient soul—had then not the faintest hint of her deliverer's approach

> *Dear Miss Tempest:* I dare say you have quite forgotten me. I was the youngest griffin, just before the old Colonel's death. I hope you will not think it a great impertinence in me to write like this to you, but my leave is up in a week or so, and I don't like to leave England without having seen your father's daughter again. I can never forget how kind he was to me—and your mother, too. It made all the difference to me; such a young fool as I was, and so new to India and everything. I find I know some of the fellows at Fort Monkton, and I'm going to stop there a few days. May I call—and if so, when?
>
> Yours sincerely,
>
> HARRY ENGLISH
>
> P. S. I've only just found out where you are

To Rosamond—most unwilling inmate in a household where, if she was not actually a burden, the smallness of her pittance rendered her certainly no material gain—this letter had brought a sort of vision of the past, a gleam of bygone light which made the present even more intolerable by contrast. It had been something to her to think that she should meet some one at last belonging to her old life, some one who had known her in those glamorous years of her happiness, some one straight from the magic shores that had held her in her happy years.

From eight to sixteen had Rosamond Tempest spent her life between the little hill station, the refuge of their hot season, and the historic old northern town where her father's duty lay—a sort of little Princess Royal, with a hundred devoted slaves and a score of gallant young courtiers, the imperious favorite of the whole station, native and white alike. . . . Oh, the rides in the dawn! Oh, the picnics by moonlight! The many-colored, vivid days that went with such swing, where every man almost was a hero, where the very air seemed full of the romance of frontier fights, of raids, and big game hunts, of "Tiger, tiger, burning bright in jungle haunts! . . . It had been surely the cruelest stroke of fate that had thrust the little spoilt girl, the beloved only child, from this pinnacle of bliss and importance!

Between one day and another Rosamond had become the penniless orphan, whom nobody wanted . . . whom it was so kind of Major and Mrs. Carter to escort back to England, whom it was almost superhumanly good of Uncle and Aunt Baynes to admit into their family

"A self-centred child," said Mrs. "General Baynes"

"A cold-blooded little wretch," opined her cousins. Well, it was a fact that, during the four years that elapsed between her departure from India and the receipt of Captain English's letter, Rosamond had not given a human being one word one look in confidence

Late April on the Hampshire coast, with the gorse breaking into gorgeous yellow flame, honey-sweet in the sunshine; with the white clouds scurrying across a blue sky, chased by the merriest madcap wind that ever scampered; with the waves breaking from afar off, dashing up a thousand diamonds falling over and over each other in their race for the beach, roaring on the shingle in clamorous good-fellowship, the foam creaming in ever wider circles. And, across the leaping belt of waters, green and amber and white, the island, flashing, too: the windows and roofs of the happy looking town throwing back the sun glances, set in smooth slopes, mildly radiating green, like chrysoprase and peridot

Rosamond had dropped the letter from her hand, [illegible] she was dreaming. Not the plaint of the November wind round the gable roof of Saltwoods in her ears, but the chant of this April chorus on Alverstoke beach. Not the monotonous ting of Aspasia's finger exercise from the room below, but the irregular boom and thud of gun-practice far out at sea, brought in by the gust. And the voice that fell into silence so far away between the wild Indian hills was speaking to her again. And she heard, heard for the first time. . . .

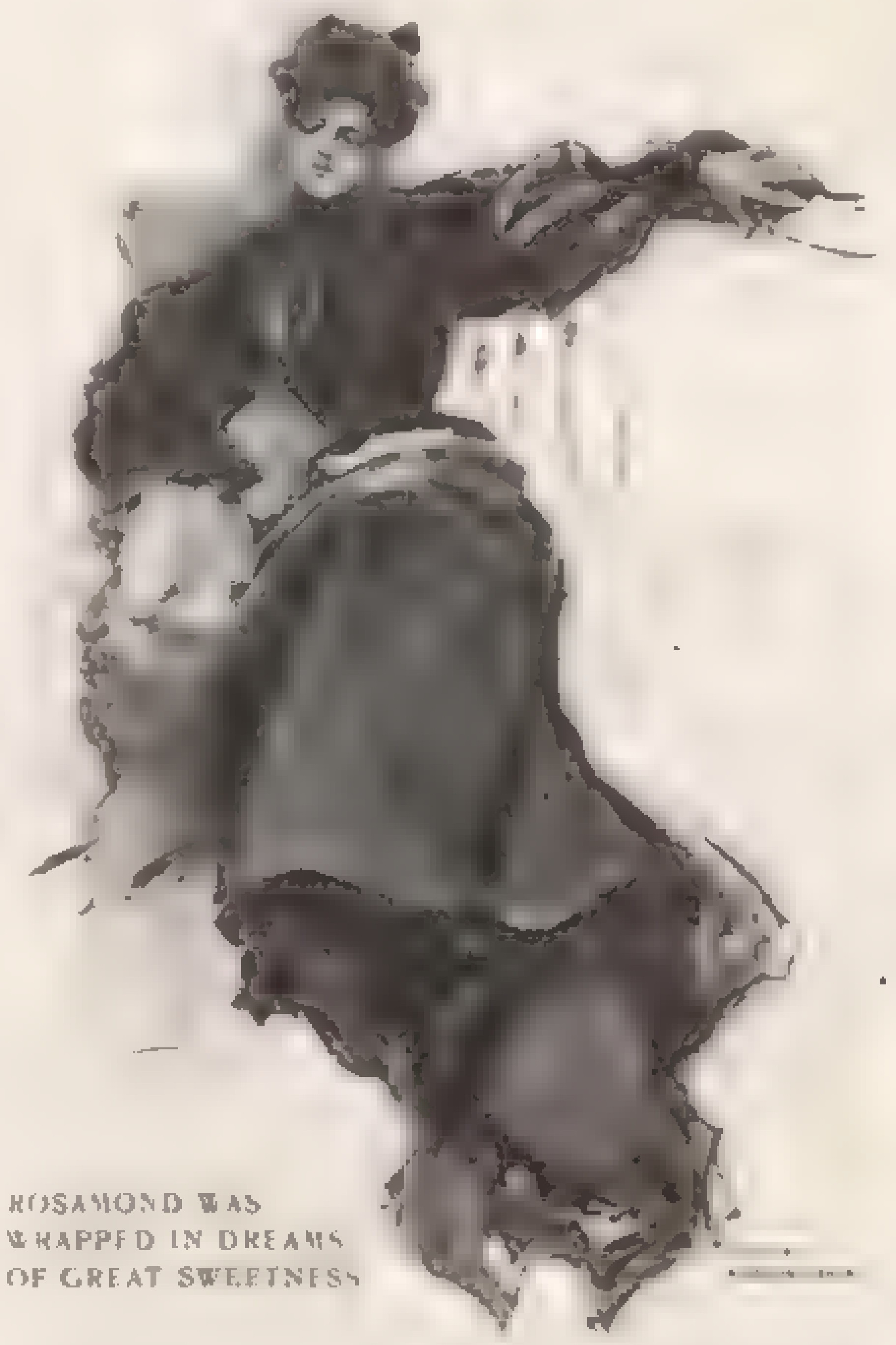
Rosamond Gerardine, virgin of heart through her two marriages, was being wooed! And the virgin in her was trembling and troubled, as womanhood awoke. . . . He held her hands and looked into her eyes His cheeks were pale under their bronze, his lips trembled 'Could you trust me? Do you think me mad? I've only known you four days, but I've dreamt of you all my life Rosamond

The sea wind was eddying round them, the grasses at Rosamond's feet were nodding like mad things in the gusts Her hair was whipped against her face. So, on this English shore, with the taste of the salt in their mouths, with the wild salt moist winds all about them—this Englishman wooed this English girl, to come away and be his love in the burning East. Yes, she could trust him. Who could look into his true eyes and not trust him? But then it was the thought of the East, the East of her lost childhood's joy, that won her. 'Now, back in England's heart, from an East abhorred, to the loathing as of blood and cruelty, it was the lover, it was the love'

Again she felt the touch of his first kiss He had sought her lips, but she had turned her cheek Now the blood rushed up into her face; her heart beat faster, almost a faintness crept over her. She dropped her head upon her outstretched arms, her burning cheek upon his letter again his strong arms held her

Once more they parted at the gate of the house that was her prison. He was going back to India in ten days, and she would go with him, confidently, gladly!

She walked up the path between the straggling wallflowers, the pungent marigolds, into the mean, narrow hall. Then her only thought had been of sailing away from that sordid, genteel abode, back to fair India, the land of her dreams Now—now, as across these years she relived that great day of her youth, her heart was swooning over the memory of his kiss; her brain was filled with a vision of his tender, trembling lips; of the light in his eyes as he looked back at her, of the swing of his broad shoulders as he rounded the crescent toward the fort.



ROSAMOND WAS WRAPPED IN DREAMS OF GREAT SWEETNESS

Miss Aspasia Cuningham was in a decidedly bad temper To be home again, in England, to have unlimited opportunity of working out the Leschetizky method on a super[illegible] grand piano, the most complete immunity from interfering uncles, from social duties, Philistine secretaries and attachés, appeared a most delightful existence—in theory. But in practice it was dull. Yes, dull was the word

With four fingers pressing four consecutive notes while the remaining digit hammered away, vindictively, at the fifth, with pouting lip outthrust, she had reached the point of telling herself that even India was better than this

"Horrid place," ran Baby's angry cogitation, while the finger conscientiously drummed; "nothing but those stupid trees and that deadly moor, and the birds' chirp, chirp, and not a neighbor within miles; or if there were, with Aunt Rosamond not wanting to see a soul; not even the curate—and he's got eyes like marbles."

Aspasia gave a little titter and changed the drumming finger from the third to the fourth. This was a less elastic member; and she grew pink with unconscious energy, while pursuing the inner monologue

I do think that disgusting Major Bethune might have given us some sign of life. People have no business to look into people's eyes like that, and press people's hands, and then go off and mean nothing at all. Not," said Baby, blowing out her nostrils with a fine breath of scorn, "that one ever thought of him in that way. But he—oh, he's just a horrid wretch like the rest. All the nice ones die I think At least, I've never met any.

She brought down the left hand in its turn, with a crash on the five notes, and the fine discord seemed to have relieving effect. The reflections proceeded in a softer vein

Harry English—he must have been a dear." She turned her head to look for the inevitable portrait. There was scarce a room in Saltwoods that did not hold two or three presentments of him: sketches, most of them, by the faithful, forcible hand of the artist mother; photographs, too in well-nigh every stage of the boy's development. Even Aspasia, positive, practical, unimaginative, could not have but fallen under the influence of the haunting presence. And in her actual mood of disillusion with Raymond Bethune, the anteroom of her girl's heart, that airy space open to all the winds, where so many come, pause and go, was now half in idleness, half in contradiction, consecrate to the image of gallant Harry English

"How Aunt Rosamond could," she thought, as she dreamily fixed her eyes upon that charcoal sketch which held one panel of the drawing room, and which had been Mrs English's last work. It was a much enlarged copy of the photograph on the shrine, and, whether by some unconscious transcription of her own sorrow, or whether her mother eyes had discovered in the little picture some stern premonition of his own approaching fate, the artist had given the strong, bold face an expression that was almost bitter in its melancholy.

"How Aunt Rosamond could," thought the girl, "when she had been loved by such a man, ever, ever have looked at any one else? Fancy—the Runkle." Ah, if Aspasia had been loved by English, how nobly she would have borne her widowhood! Her heart, of course, would have been absolutely, completely broken; she would have gone about in deep, deep widows' weeds. And strangers, looking after her, noticing the sweet, pale face amid the crape, would ask who she was, and would be told in whispers: the widow of the hero of the Baroghil expedition. "Ah, it would be sweet to have been loved by you, Harry English!"

Her hands fell from the piano; her soul was away upon a dream as vague and as innocent as it was absorbing. Too often did the Leschetizky method end in this manner. The while Rosamond, high in her attic, dreamed that she was a girl once more, and that she had just been told that Harry English loved her

CHAPTER XIV

THERE was sunshine enough without to have tempted the most obstinate recluse into the fields. But as little as she had heeded November rain did Rosamond now heed the brightness of this opening December. While the old attic room held her bodily presence, her soul was once again back in the past. The past . . . where, after all, she had not lived, and which (strange, poignant lesson of fate!) was now to become to her more living than the present.

Those letters, those early memorials, the very thought of which had once inspired dread, now drew her like a magnet Scarcely could she give herself to the necessary facts of life, so impatiently did she long for those solitary hours in his room, with him!

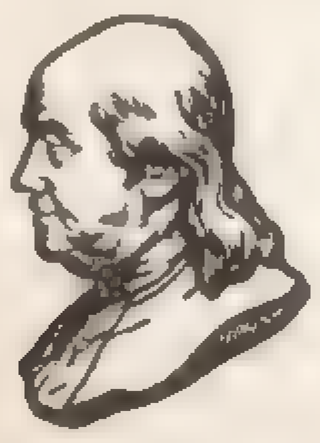
Every trifling note of his was pored over, dreamt upon in its turn. She had it in her to have lingered days upon a single line. Yet there was the sweetness of a tender surprise in every fresh sheet she took into her hands. And now it was her first "love letter" that she held

It had come to her in the morning after their meeting in the salt wind, amid the gorse: had been brought to her—in the ugly top bedroom—on a basket brimming over with flowers. She could see them again, breathe them again hothouse roses, languid-white and heavy-headed yellow, a huge clump of heliotrope, lily of the valley bound by its pale green sheaths, sharp scented, waxen . . . then the narcissus, the jonquil, the darling commoner herd of spring things that had pushed their way in the open gardens. All this to Rosamond, starved of beauty: Rosamond, who was wont to fill her vases with the budding boughs that the hedges give the gardenless! She had buried her face in the velvet coolness, drawn in the perfume as if she were drawing in the loveliness to her soul. Through the waste of those ten years she could again feel the touch of the petals on her cheek—she was back again, back again in her maidenhood, and held her first love letter between her hands. Was it possible that the faded nondescript leaf that fell from between its pages had once been part of that exquisite basketful that could still bloom for her?

> *Darling* (wrote Harry English): These are all I can send you. I wanted to send you roses, love, worthy of my Rose, the only Rose, of Rosamond, Rose of the World. I half dreamed of them last night, red, red,

(Continued on Page 19)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D! 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Single Subscriptions, $2.00 the Year
In Clubs, $1.25 Each
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

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Some Dangerous Catchwords

CAN you guess who wrote these following words:

The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded with no small show of success. One dashingly calls them 'glittering generalities.' Another bluntly calls them 'self-evident lies.' And others insidiously argue that they apply to 'superior races.' These expressions . . . would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people They are the vanguard, the miners and sappers of returning despotism. We must repulse them, or they will subjugate us "

The author of these sentences was the sixteenth President of the United States. And there is no politician of any party who dares refuse at least the forms of homage to him and his wisdom

The Man Behind the Work

IT IS an absorbing and inspiring experience to stand in one of the great highways of a city in the early morning hours and watch the crowds on their way to work, on their way to contribute the day's addition to the majestic temple of civilization which man and his machines are building. But, as you watch, you begin to wonder: How many in these throngs are taking *themselves* to their work?

Do you take *yourself* to your work? Or do you leave yourself at home, to lie inactive there all day and start into energetic life only when the evening's amusements begin?

More than ninety-five per cent. of the men who attempt business fail; and more than ninety-five per cent. of that ninety-five per cent. fail because mankind does not take itself to its work, does not realize that work is both a means and an end, but chiefly an end

The Immigration Bogey Man

WITH each successive wave of immigration alarmists predict that American civilization is going to be overwhelmed by barbarian hordes. It was so when the Irish were swarming here after the famine, when the Germans followed in the next decade, and, above all, when the Austr[illegible] Russian Jews and Italians began pouring over a few years ago. But each wave in turn is checked before it has done any serious harm to our race stock or our institutions.

The latest returns disclose a startling transformation. The stream of Italian immigration, which reached 12,342 in August of last year, has fallen off for the same month this year to 5169. The Austrian influx has declined from 15,399 to 9239 There has been an increase in the number of Russian arrivals, but it is due entirely to the desire to escape military service in the present war. The most remarkable thing of all is the growth of the immigration from the British Islands But for the flight of Russian Jews from the Czar's recruiting officers the United Kingdom would stand first among all our sources of supply. As it is, it is a very close second. While Russia sent us 14,514 immigrants in August, Great Britain and Ireland sent 14,094. England alone, with 8419, surpassed Italy in the proportion of eight to five. Englishmen are now coming over twice as fast as either Irishmen or Germans. Shall we ever hear of the "English vote," as we do of the Irish and the German votes?

One of the most recent writers on the dangers of immigration dwells upon the alarming fact that in 1902 over 70 per cent. of the total influx came from Austria-Hungary, Italy Poland and Russia, and only one-fifth from the United Kingdom, France, Germany and Scandinavia. But the returns in August of this year reduce the proportion from Italy and Eastern Europe to about 48 per cent. and raise that from the United Kingdom and the neighboring countries to over 38 per cent. Moreover, there is now a homeward-bound stream of Italians that probably balances the new arrivals Finally, the total volume of immigration promises to be less than last year's by more than 200,000. The Italo-Slavic peril seems destined to fade away like its predecessors

Why Human Life is Cheap

PEACE hath fatalities far less renowned than war — so much less renowned, in fact, that they are not at all realized. The losses, in killed and wounded, annually, from railway accidents are far greater than those of a pitched battle. For the year past, according to a recent bulletin from Washington, there was a total of 3787 killed, and of 51,343 injured, of passengers and railway employees: a total of 55,130. The killed and wounded of the battle of Waterloo, including the French and British and the allies, amounted to a total of but 41,685. In other words, a loss of life and limb greater than was sufficient to alter the face of the world, in one of the most sanguinary battles of history, was incurred in railway accidents in the United States in one year.

Nor is this all. In addition to accidents to passengers and employees there is a heavy annual total of accidents to others — to people run over at crossings, and so on. The figures in this class have not yet been tabulated for the year past, but in 1902 there were 5274 killed of those officially listed as "other persons" than passengers and employees

When the full figures are in the total of killed and wounded for the year past will reach the enormous number of 70,000. On an average there are 175 persons killed or injured for every day in the year! If such figures were not from official sources they would seem too incredible for belief

In 1902, according to the reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads of the United States killed and wounded 73,250 people — far more than the combined total losses of the battles of Chancellorsville and Antietam. The year before that the losses aggregated more than the combined losses of the terrible "Seven Days" and of the slaughter of Cold Harbor. What national mourning there would be, what aid societies, what universal sympathy, if these railroad losses were war losses!

A part of the stupendousness of the figures, it should be said, is owing to the fact that in war a man is listed as wounded only when disabled, whereas such is not the case with railroad statistics; but, even after allowing for this, the comparisons just given will still hold. Take the deaths alone. For at least seven years past there have been more persons killed by our railroads than were killed at the battle of Gettysburg. Even so far back as 1888 the railroads were killing over 5000 a year, and the ghastly total has been increasing annually.

An insistence upon proper construction of roadbed and rolling stock, upon the abolition of grade crossings, upon the wider use of the block-signal system, would all tend to lessen the totals. But, most of all, the placing of responsibility, not only upon a sleepy flagman or a careless dispatcher, or upon "unavoidable chance," but definitely upon those who have the power to make a road as safe as human skill can make it, would wonderfully lessen accidents. At present the idea of punishing a railway director or a railway president is laughable, and the attempt, once in a while made, excites derision, no matter how culpable the officers and directors may have been

If the American people insist that it be no longer a matter of derision, but that officials be made to suffer as wrongdoers when actual negligence is proved, we shall no longer have to read, in the official reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, such appalling facts as that, in the ten years from 1892 to 1902, the American railways actually killed 71,704 people and injured 435,271

Uncle Sam's Long Pay-Roll

THE Steel Trust hires a good many men, and so do some of the great railroad corporations, but the people are still their own largest employer. A new census bulletin shows that it takes 271,169 persons to run the executive civil service of the United States. The army and navy take about 100,000 more; so that in all there are nearly 400,000 persons on Uncle Sam's pay roll

There has been a good deal of speculation concerning the causes of the "apathy" in the late Presidential campaign One very marked cause may be found in the changed conditions of Government employment When those of us who can look back a quarter of a century were enjoying the delirious excitement of our first political contests, almost all the places in the civil service depended on the result of the election. A hundred thousand men were fighting for their jobs, and a million more were fighting to get them away. No wonder there was enthusiasm. No wonder men were willing to put on oilcloth capes and cambric caps and carry torches with the oil dripping down the backs of their necks while they sang "Jim Garfield's at the front."

Now, out of 150 883 employees dealt with by the detailed returns, 124,737, or 82 9 per cent., are in the classified civil service. About 48,000 have been in the service for over eight years — that is to say, since before the last change of parties in the control of the Government. Over 10,000 have been in office for twenty years or more, which means that they have served under at least six administrations, including four political revolutions

Of course there have always been a few permanent office-holders. One has been in the service for sixty years, beginning with the nondescript administration of Tyler and serving under four Democratic, two Whig and nine Republican Presidents. That one man's official career covers more than half of the entire history of the United States under the Constitution

But the rule that a change of parties meant a new deal used to be general enough to keep practically the entire public service hustling in campaigns, and the fact that the great majority of office-holders are now secure in their jobs corks up the principal source of partisan energy

The Voice of Command

IN THESE days the great man seldom uses the great manner. Power speaks gently; authority whispers oftener than it vociferates. Dewey's famous "You may fire when ready, Gridley," is the quiet and confident example of the big man in a big undertaking, whether it be war or business.

Twenty years ago the typical railroad president, one of the three railroad kings of that time, was bluff, loud, autocratic, propulsive. His words rolled out thunderously. He brooked no argument. Jove could not have been more conclusive. He gave the impression of awe; he made his visitors feel that they were in a wonderful presence. The same railroad system now handles many times more business than it did then; its earnings are tens of millions larger; its employees have grown into an army. The new president is altogether a modern executive. While chatting with a visitor he gives orders. There is no elevation in his voice Humorous sallies are sandwiched in the conversation. It is as pleasant and as comfortable as a friendly talk in a cozy corner. And yet this modern president dispatches more business in a day than his predecessor of twenty years ago did in a week

It is the same to-day with most men of eminence in business and politics. They are of the same brand — quiet, well-poised persons who seem to have acquired with their success the practical philosophy of life and living. They are not in a hurry. They do not fume or bluster. Their words are as cheerful as they are simple. They invite and tell good stories; and their very calm is in part an explanation of their rise to high position.

It is a vast mistake to think that the tendencies are toward noise and haste and nervous waste in the big chairs of modern civilization. The man with the cool head and the gentle tongue is the kind who is wanted in large undertakings.

Why Women Go to Seed

IN THE press of ponderous questions the important ones are often neglected. For instance, there is the problem of the emancipated woman.

This name has often been absurdly applied to the woman who has, or is reputed to have, or fancies she has, a "higher education" — whatever that may be. But, in fact, does it not rather belong to the woman who through the prosperity of her husband has been emancipated by the employment of servants from all the domestic duties that used to keep her occupied? There is a vast, a real, a serious — perhaps a menacing — army of the unemployed! Can such an institution be considered a good one?

The notion that women ought not to work originated in the harem — in the home autocracies of the Orient. It has no place in any true civilization. It is destructive of character and degrading. Yet how many women of our influential classes as girls hold, and as wives and mothers practice, the idea that woman ought to be supported in a sort of easy-going, rose-lined idleness by some man or other? Nothing to do but think means either going to seed or plotting mischief

If a shaft be sunk deep enough into any of our political or economic problems there will be found, very near to the heart of the cause of all the trouble, the idle, luxury-loving, work-despising, snob-breeding "emancipated woman"

A TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE

The Story of Fifteen Lost Years

By Florence Elizabeth Maybrick

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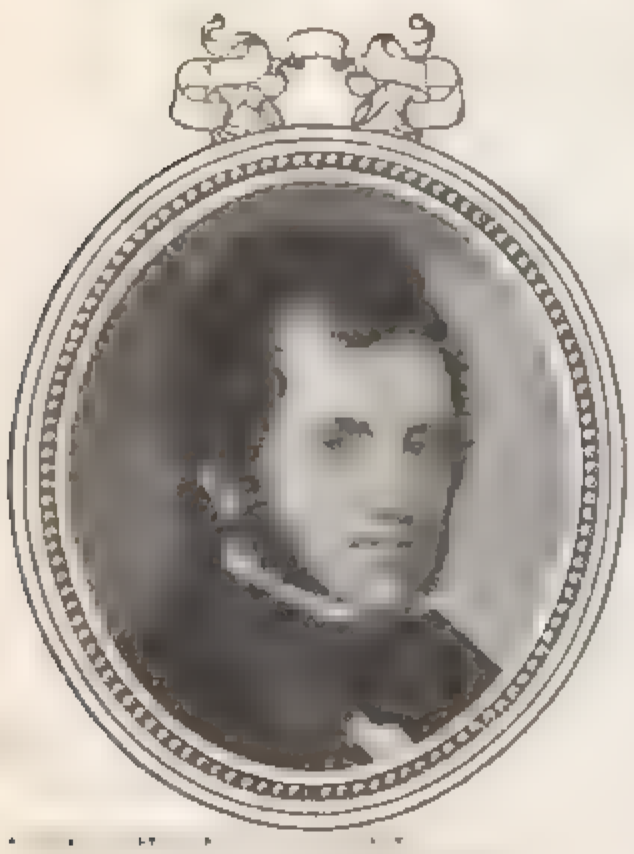


MRS. MAYBRICK'S GRANDFATHER, DARIUS BLAKE HOLBROOK, WHO WAS ASSOCIATED WITH CYRUS FIELD IN LAYING THE FIRST AMERICAN CABLE

THERE are four great human tragedies enacted within prison walls which, once they are witnessed, can never be forgotten so long as memory endures

1. Breaking bad news to a prisoner—telling her that a dear one in the outside world is dying, and that she may not go to them; that she must wait in terrible suspense until the last message is sent, no communication, in the mean time, being permissible

2. Receiving an intimation of the death of a beloved father mother, brother or sister, husband or child, whose visits and letters have been the sole comfort and support of that prisoner's hard lot

3. The loss of reason by a prisoner who was not strong enough to endure the punishment decreed by Act of Parliament

4. The suicide, who prefers to trust to the mercy of God rather than suffer at the hands of man

Why should a woman be considered less loving, less capable of suffering, because she is branded with the name of "convict" She may be informed that her nearest and dearest are dying, but the rules will permit no departure from their usual enforcement to relieve the heart-breaking suspense. In the world at large telegrams may be sent and daily bulletins received, but not in the convict's world

Death is a solemn event under any circumstances, and reverence for the dead is inculcated by our civilization; but to die in prison is a thing that every prisoner dreads with inexpressible horror. When a prisoner is at the point of death she is put into a cell alone, or into a ward, if there is one vacant. There she lies alone. The nurse and infirmary officers come and go; her fellow-prisoners gladly minister to her; the doctor and chaplain are assiduous in their attentions, but she is alone, cut off from her kin, tended by the servants of the law instead of the servants of love, and it is only at the very last that her loved ones may come and say their farewell Oh! the pathos, the anguish of such partings—who shall describe them? And when all is over, and the law has no longer any power over the body it has tortured, it may be claimed and taken away

The case of the prisoner who becomes insane is no less harrowing. She is kept in the infirmary with the other patients for three months. If she does not recover her reason within that period she is certified by three doctors as insane and then removed to the criminal lunatic asylum In the mean time the peace and rest of the other sick persons in the infirmary are disturbed by her ravings, and their feelings wrought upon by the daily sight of a demented fellow creature

And the suicide! To see one with whom one has worked killed by her own hands—such scenes as these haunted me for weeks; and it needed all my faith in God to throw off the depression that inevitably followed.

A Noble Gift

ON OUR arrival at Aylesbury Prison there was no chapel Divine service was held in one of the halls in which the prisoners assembled each morning for twenty minutes of service. This arrangement had many disadvantages, and one of the ladies on the Board of Visitors came nobly to our relief with an offer to provide the prison with a chapel. The Home Office "graciously" accepted this generous proposal, and twelve months later it was completed and dedicated by the Lord Bishop of Reading. (It has been burned to the ground since my departure from Aylesbury)

On the day preceding the ceremony I was asked to assist in decorating the chapel with flowers kindly sent by Lady Rothschild. It was a delicate expression of sympathy for the prisoners which she repeated on all high festival days. She was deeply affected when I told her how profoundly the women appreciated her recognition of a common humanity

On the appointed day all work was suspended to enable the prisoners to be present. In the galleries were seated the families of the governor, chaplain and doctor; at the right of the altar, the generous donor of the chapel, Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, was seated with her friends. The organist played a prelude, and then the Bishop, accompanied by the chaplain and the clergymen in the diocese, entered the chapel. After a hymn had been sung a short service followed, and then the Bishop stepped forward and, facing the altar, read the "dedication service." It was a most impressive moment. Then followed a prayer and a hymn and the service was over. The prisoners filed back to their respective cells, and the visitors made the tour of the prison

I was a patient in the infirmary at the time, but had received permission to attend the chapel. Before the Bishop of Reading left the prison he visited the sick, and as he passed my cell he stopped and spoke to me words of hope and encouragement, adding his blessing

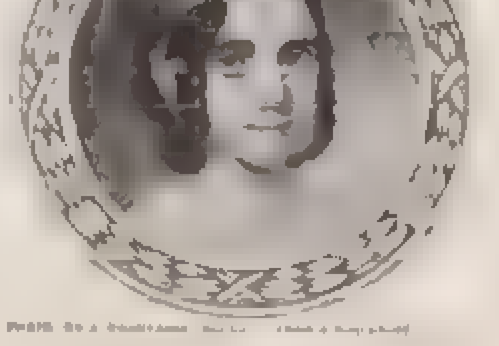
Another occasion on which the Bishop of Reading visited the prison was the holding of a confirmation service. Many women of earnest minds in prison sought in this manner to prove the sincerity of their repentance, and their resolution to live godly lives, and, with one exception, all those confirmed that day are now living creditable lives

Penal servitude is a fiery test of one's religious convictions One's faith is either strengthened and deepened or else it goes under altogether. I have witnessed many a sad spiritual shipwreck within those walls

On a dark, gloomy day in October the rain pattered against the window of my cell, and the wind howled dismally around that huge "house of sorrow" Now and then the sound of weeping broke upon the stillness, and I prayed in my heart for the poor souls in travail whose pains had broken through the enforced rule of silence. There is no sound in all the world so utterly unnerving as the hopeless sob of the woman in physical isolation who may not be spiritually comforted Separated from loved ones, beyond the reach of tender hands and voices, she has no one, as in former years, to share her sufferings or minister to her pain Alone, one of a mass, with no one to care but the good God above; for "to suffer" is the punishment that man has decreed

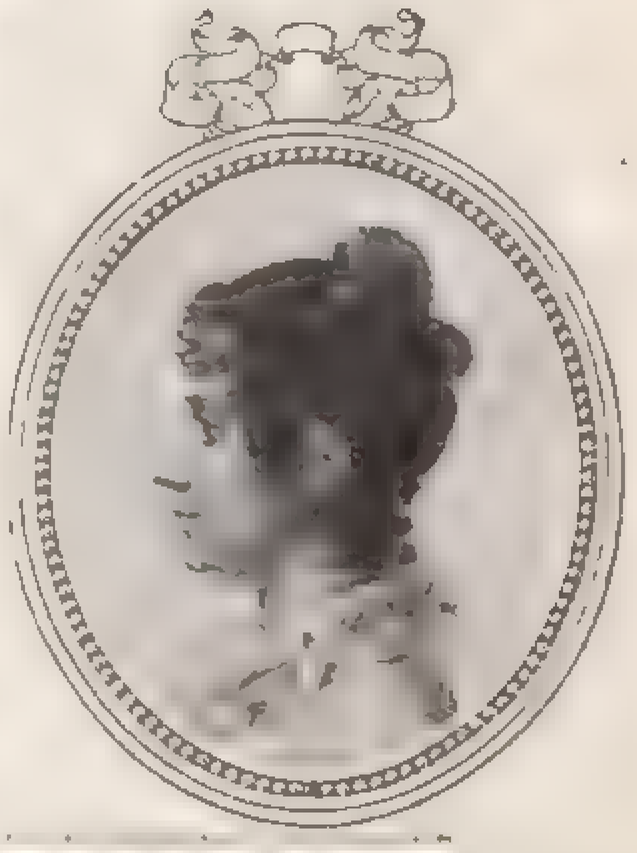
Less Than an Ounce of Soap a Week

HAVE you ever tried to realize what kind of life that must be in which the sight of a child's face and the sound of a child's voice are ever absent; in which there are none of the sweet influences of the home; the daily intercourse with those we love; the many trifling little happenings, so unimportant in themselves, but which go so far to make up the sum of human happiness! It commences with the clangor of bells and the jingling of keys, and closes with the banging of hundreds of doors, while the after silence is broken only by shrieks and blasphemies, the trampling of many feet and the orders of warders



MRS. MAYBRICK'S GRANDMOTHER, ELIZABETH HOLBROOK

In the winter the prisoners get up in the dark and breakfast in the dark to save the expense of gas The sense of touch becomes very acute, as so much has to be done without light Until I had served three years of my sentence I had not been allowed to see my own face. Then a looking class three inches long was placed in my cell I have wondered since what encouragement this deprivation was supposed to be to tidiness or cleanliness in the prisoner. She is expected to keep her person and her cell spotlessly clean, and is punished if she fails to do so, and yet a looking glass is denied her. She must also maintain the cleanliness of her prison cell on an ounce of soap per week After I left Aylesbury I heard that the steward had received orders from the Home Office to reduce this enormous quantity. If true it will leave the unfortunate prisoners with three-quarters of an ounce of soap weekly wherewith to maintain that cleanliness which is said to be next to godliness The prisoners are allowed a hot bath once a week, but in the interval they may not have a drop of hot water, except by the doctor's orders



MRS. MAYBRICK'S GREAT-GREAT-GRAND MOTHER, SARAH PHILLIPS THURSTON, WHOSE BROTHER, JOHN PHILLIPS, FOUNDED PHILLIPS EXETER

Instinct cannot be crushed, and sometimes the prisoners indulge in a flight of levity, which is promptly stopped by the officer in charge. But even willfulness and levity are to some a relief from the perpetual silence. A young girl, fifteen years of age, came in on a conviction of penal servitude for life. In a fit of passion she had strangled a child of which she had charge. In consideration of her youth, and the medical evidence adduced at her trial, sentence of death was commuted. She was in the "Star Class," and it made my blood boil to see her sufferings. A mature woman may submit to the inevitable patiently, as an act of faith or as a proof of her philosophy; but a child of that age has neither faith nor philosophy to support her in this repressive system of torture. At times, however, the girl had attacks of levity which manifested themselves in most amusing ways. One day she was put out to work in the officers' quarters, and told to black-lead a grate. With a serious face she set to work Presently the officer asked whether she had finished her task, to which she meekly replied "Yes," at the same time lifting her face, which, to the utter amazement of the female warder, had been transformed to a brightly polished black

On another occasion she was told that she would be wanted in the infirmary. She was suffering great pain at the time, and had begged the doctor to extract a tooth When the infirmary nurse unlocked her door she was found in bed. This is strictly against the rules, unless the prisoner has special permission from the doctor to lie down during the day. Of course, the officer ordered her to get up at once, to which she replied, "I can't." "Why not?" asked the officer. "Because I can't," the girl repeated. Whereupon the officer lifted off the bedcovering to see what was amiss. To her amazement she saw that the child had got inside the mattress and had drawn the end of it on a string around her neck so that nothing but her head was visible.

No Servant Like an Old Thief

IT HAS been said that no apples are so sweet as those that are stolen, and the great pleasure the women in prison derive from their surreptitious levity is because it can so rarely be indulged in and the opportunities for its expression must always be stolen.

There is an axiom in prison, "The worse the woman, the better the prisoner." As one goes about the prison, and observes these women who are permitted little privileged tasks, such as tidying the garden, cleaning the chapel, or any of the light and semi-responsible tasks which convicts like, one will notice that the privileged ones are not, as a rule, the young or respectable, but the old, professional criminals. They know the rules of the prison, they spend the greater part of their lives there, and they know exactly how to behave, so as to earn the maximum of marks, their object is to get out in the shortest possible time, and to have as light work as possible while they are in. The officers like them because they know their work without having to be taught. "There is no servant like an old thief," I have heard it said. "They do good work"

The conviction of young girls to penal servitude is shocking, for it destroys the chief power of prevention that prisons

Editor's Note—This is the sixth installment of Mrs. Maybrick's own story. The last will appear next week

possres, and accustoms the young criminal to a reality which has far less terror for her than the idea of it had. Prison life is entirely demoralizing to any girl under twenty years of age, and it is to combat that demoralizing influence upon young girls that some law should be passed

Women doctors and inspectors should be appointed in all female prisons. Otherwise what can be expected of a woman of small mental resources shut in on herself, often unable to read or write with any readiness; of bad habits, with a craving for low excitement, whose chief pleasure has been in the grosser kind. The mind turns morbidly inward; the nerves are shattered. The dark cell is no longer used, but mental light is still excluded. Recidivation is more frequent with women than with men. The jail taint seems to sink deeper into woman's nature, and at Aylesbury numbers of the more abandoned ones are never out of the warders' hands.

A Visit from Lord Russell

I WAS sitting in my cell one day feeling very weak and ill I was recovering from an attack of influenza, and the cold comfort of my surroundings increased the physical and mental depression which accompanies this complaint. I wondered vaguely why my life was spared, why I was permitted to suffer this terrible injustice, when my sad thoughts were distracted by the sounds of approaching voices. I arose from my seat — which is a compulsory attitude of submission when an authority approaches a prisoner — and stood waiting, for I knew not what. Presently I heard the tones of a voice which I can never forget while memory lasts, though that voice is now hushed in death; a voice which, through the darkest days of my life, ever spoke words of trust, comfort and encouragement. Surely I must be dreaming, I thought, or my mind is weak and I am becoming fanciful; for how should this voice reach me within these prison walls? I looked up, startled, and once more thought my mind was wandering, for there stood the noblest, truest friend that woman ever had: the champion of the weak and the oppressed, the brave upholder of justice and law in the face of prejudice and public hostility, Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England. He stepped into my cell with a kindly smile on his face, and sat down on my stool, while the governor waited outside. He talked to me for half an hour, and I can never forget the beauty and grandeur of that presence. As he rose to leave he turned toward me, and, seeing unshed tears in my eyes, he took my hand in his, and in his strong, emphatic way said: "Be brave, be strong; I believe you to be an innocent woman. I have done and will continue to do all I can for you."

It has been denied in England that Lord Russell took any interest in me other than he might in any client he was paid to defend; but the letter which I have already given, written to me at Woking, as well as the statement made by him, will set that aspersion at rest.

The Home Office, while exercising a private function of reconsideration grounded on the royal prerogative of mercy, emphatically disclaims being a court of appeal or a judicial tribunal in any sense of the word. Yet the consideration of a convict's case rests alone with the Secretary of State. It is a matter of unwritten law that the Home Secretary shall act individually and solely upon his own responsibility, and none of his colleagues are to assume or take part therein.

There are numerous instances when judges, witnesses and juries have gone wrong. Indeed, it will be found that even in cases which have seemed the clearest and least complicated in the trial grievous mistakes have been made. But the blame which the public and bar may take to itself in England is that no sufficient means are provided to set the wrong right. What a difference it would have made in my life if I had been granted a second trial; I could have called other witnesses, submitted fresh evidence, and personally refuted false testimony. Is it not the climax of injustice that men and women, if sued for money, even for one shilling, can appeal from court to court — even to the House of Lords — the English court of last resort — but when character, all that life holds dear, and life itself, are in jeopardy, a prisoner's fate may depend upon the weak or malicious construction of one man, and there is no appeal?

A hard-worked Secretary of State, whose time is crowded with every kind of duty, correspondence and labor, night and day, in the House of Commons or in the Home Office, has to consider a vast number of petitions, complaints and miscarriages of justice, or too severe sentences, any one of which might require hours and sometimes days to investigate. He is assisted by several officers, but, strange to say, it is no part of their qualifications or of those of the Home Secretary himself that they should be familiar with the criminal law, or the prosecution or defense of prisoners. These permanent officials are, besides, occupied with hundreds of other matters which come before the Home Office, on which they have to guide their chief. Think of the untold sufferings of individuals and families, the shame and degradation which would be avoided, if England had a court of criminal appeal!

Historic Examples of British Injustice

THE Home Office detects and corrects a larger number of erroneous verdicts than the public is aware of. This arises from the secret and partial methods of remedying miscarriages of justice that it frequently adopts. The first object is to maintain the public belief in the infallibility of the judges and juries. If an innocent person could slip out quietly, without shaking this belief, he might be permitted to do so. The Home Secretary is, in fact, a politician, who has little time to spare for the consideration of criminal cases, whose hostile reflection and whose conduct might injure his political party, and he is often deterred from interfering with verdicts and sentences by sheer timidity. When he affirms a sentence he can throw the greater part of the blame on others if he is afterward proved to be wrong; but when he reverses either verdict or sentence he must take the whole responsibility upon himself. This is, I believe, the true explanation of the secret and partial reversals which are not unusual at the Home Office. The Home Secretary and his subordinates too frequently let " dare not wait upon I would

If a crime is committed, and no one is brought to justice, the police are blamed; but if a person is convicted the police are praised, without regard to whether or not the right person has been convicted. Hence there is usually a strong effort to beat up evidence against the person suspected, as in my case and that of Adolph Beck, and to keep back anything in favor of the prisoner that comes to the knowledge of the police. A second reason is that the State takes up the prosecution, and a prosecution never breaks down for want of funds; but a defense may often do so. A third reason is that the judge frequently converts himself into a prosecuting counsel instead of holding the scales of justice evenly. When we have a complicated case and a common jury this hostile and prejudiced attitude of the judge is simply fatal to the prisoner. In any event the counsel for the prosecution always makes the closing speech, after the counsel for the prisoner, and when the jury listens in succession to two strong speeches against the prisoner before retiring — containing perhaps misstatements which the prisoner's counsel has had no opportunity to correct — their verdict is likely to be "guilty." Local prejudice and previous comments in the press also no doubt influence jurors, but their effect is, I believe, less than those of the causes which I have mentioned. When an appeal is made from the verdict to the Home Secretary the first step is to consult the very judge who is responsible, in nine cases out of ten, for the erroneous verdict. It is easy to see that in such management of the case the judge is liable to be prejudiced by his own ruling. How much more justice there would be in having the case retried!

God only knows how many innocent men and women have been unjustly punished. I will mention a few only of many cases that have occurred. A man, Hebron by name, was convicted at Manchester, England, of murder. He was sentenced to death, but fortunately his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. After he had served two years, the real murderer was discovered, a man named Peace, and Hebron was "graciously pardoned."

Another cruel case was that of John Kensall, who was convicted of murder, but through action taken by the late Lord Chief Justice Russell, John Kensall was shown to be innocent. The Home Office could not at first "see its way to interfere," and had it not been for Lord Russell's clear head and splendid generalship, by which the authorities at the Home Office were outwitted, he would not have been released so soon · another blow at the intelligence displayed by the men at the Home Office. The case of the man Hay, wrongly convicted, was of a serious nature, showing that he was the victim of a conspiracy; yet had it not been for Sir William Harcourt's instituting an investigation independent of the Home Office it is very doubtful whether Hay would have been able to establish his innocence. But he did so, and a pardon was granted him.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE GUIDE

BY A. E. W. MASON

Author of The Four Feathers

SO IT is all over, monsieur To-morrow morning you leave for England. Five o'clock, is it not so? I will come to the train for the last shake of the hand

Alphonse Revailloud smiled at the young, sunburnt face of his companion as he sat opposite to him at a little table on the balcony above the roaring glacier stream. The two men touched glasses and drank. With nightfall there had come, as always, a freshness upon Chamonix. The air of that little town at the bottom of a cup had grown brisk. It was the first week of August; one might have believed it to be the last week of spring, even though no wind blew and the day had been close. Both men were silent for a little while. They had been six weeks together, passing from the Bernese Oberland to the Pennine Alps about Zermatt and from Zermatt to the *aiguilles* of Mont Blanc — six weeks of a very true comradeship. Rivers, the young Englishman, sat and lived through them again. The long, wearisome walks from the valleys to the huts and from the huts in the dark of the morning over stones and moraines to the foot of the climb were forgotten. He remembered only the cheery evenings in the mountain inns, the sunlit hour upon this or that summit where there was just room for Revailloud and himself to sit, and the climbs themselves. The traverse of the Matterhorn from Breuil, the rocks of the Shreckhorn, the ice-slope of the Col Dolent, the desperate scramble of the Grépon, and the last climb, to-day's traverse of the Aiguilles de Charmoz, crowded upon his memory. He looked upward from the balcony toward the dark, clear sky. A planet shone in the gaps between Mont Blanc and the Aiguille du Midi, an extra depth of darkness showed where the rock cliffs towered, a paleness where the snow-fields glimmered down to the Glacier des Bossons.

"Yes," he said, "for me it is all over. But not for you, Alphonse. This is the first week of August. You have five weeks still."

Alphonse Revailloud shook his head; and Rivers suddenly became conscious of something very forlorn in his aspect. Revailloud took off his hat and laid it on a chair beside him

"No, monsieur, I have made my last big expedition to-day

He was only fifty-four, but he was quite bald, the thin beard upon his chin was very gray, his eyes were bloodshot, his face deeply lined and worn. He had certainly the look this evening of a quite old, sad man.

'You!" exclaimed Rivers. "You go as well as ever The little chimney on the top of the Charmoz, for instance, to-day ——"

Yes, yes," replied Alphonse; "but my eyes are no longer good. My feet burn too much. *Les petites courses!* These remain for me. I shall lead mules up to the Montanvers and take parties of ladies to the '*jardin*'"

He spoke sadly, looking up to the mountains, but without any bitterness.

"It was bound to come, of course, but I admit, monsieur, I do not look forward to leading mules up to the Montanvers There will be no more traveling, no more revisiting old friends at Grindelwald and Arolla and Zermatt It is good, is it not, to see old friends? All that is over. I shall lead mules up to the Montanvers. I think, monsieur, that life is very sad."

Rivers knew not what to say. He himself was touched The name of Alphonse Revailloud was historic in the records of the chain of Mont Blanc. Alphonse had been the best of the Chamonix guides thirty years ago when the *aiguilles* were for the greater part virgin peaks; and of the first ascents the most difficult were associated with his name. Yet now he sat, an old man before his time, with nothing left in life, it seemed, but to conduct parties on the *mer de glace* and lead mules up to the Montanvers: a dull, sad life for a great climber

"You never married, Alphonse?" said Rivers out of his sympathy. The guide was to be penned in the valley of Chamonix; a wife and children would have made the pen more comfortable.

"Never."

"Did you never wish to?"

"Once, monsieur. But I think that I am very fortunate not to have had my wish," he said with a smile. "She was fond of comforts and luxuries. And those tastes will not match with poverty."

"Poverty?"

"Yes. We have two months in the year, that's all. If we make two thousand francs, monsieur, we are fortunate."

Eighty pounds a year! Rivers compared the sum with the earnings of a professional cricketer in England. It seemed

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very small. And these men risked their lives into the bargain. Rivers remembered a sentence which Alphonse had uttered to one of those who decry the risks and increase the accidents in the Alps. "*Il y a toujours du danger,*" he had said. It was as though Alphonse had been following Rivers' thoughts, for he suddenly leaned forward.

"There was an accident upon the mountain we ascended to-day. It happened a little while ago. It was an Englishman. He preferred to climb with only one guide. He had climbed the Charmoz and was descending. He was clever and sure upon the rocks, but not safe at all upon ice. I was sitting here with his guide the afternoon before the accident, a man from the Val Tournanche, and he was saying that this would be the last climb he would undertake with Mr. Hawk alone. Mr. Hawk, that was the name. But, you see, he made that last climb, and coming down one of them slipped upon the glacier. I showed you the crevasse where we found them together. The glacier is steep above it, and there was very little snow that year. It was ice, ice, ice everywhere, where as a rule there is snow. I have never known glaciers so uncovered."

"Even this year?" said the Englishman.

"This year it is about the same," replied Alphonse. "Perhaps that is why I remember that accident so vividly. Yet I do not think that is the reason. You will understand perhaps." He was silent for a moment or two, and then resumed.

"I had come over Mont Blanc from Courmayeur that day, and in the evening I heard that Mr. Hawk had not returned. We went up to the Plan de l'Aiguille in the night, the hut where you slept yesterday, monsieur. There were half a dozen of us, but I was the oldest. At all events they looked to me for direction. We reached the Glacier de Nantillon at daybreak and ascended it to the rocks between that glacier and the Glacier du Midi. At the top of the rocks we took to the glacier again, following in the steps which they had cut. Finally we came to the great crevasse. Beyond its upper edge the glacier rose steeply toward the great séracs. We looked down into its depths. It was deeper then than it is now, yet not so deep but that we could see the bottom. The two men were lying there quite still. We called to them. They did not move, nor answer.

"It was evident how the accident had happened. Both men were hurrying over the glacier in the afternoon. They were right to hurry; for there were some of the séracs on the top of the glacier which looked ready to fall, and it would not have been wise to loiter underneath them in the afternoon. But the guide was no doubt leading too fast for Mr. Hawk, who was not safe on ice. At the point where they slipped you will remember that it is necessary to traverse the glacier horizontally, and if one man slipped there he would swing down the whole length of the rope before the jerk came upon the other. No doubt that is what happened. Mr. Hawk slipped and dragged his guide out of his steps. Jean Prévot, a young porter, and I were lowered together into the crevasse. We found both men quite dead. The crevasse was not so deep but that the guide might have climbed out of it if he had lived. But his neck was broken, and he must have died at once. Mr. Hawk had lived for a little while. That was clear, for the snow, just about where he lay, was all kicked by his feet. He had lain there for a little while and suffered. We tied a rope about his middle, and then, holding him as well as I could, I climbed up while those above hauled on the rope. It was difficult to support him."

Alphonse described the recovery of the bodies with a matter-of-fact minuteness of detail.

"His head continually knocked against mine. At last we reached the mouth of the crevasse and were drawn up into the sunlight. But we very nearly were dropped to the bottom again, for as our heads rose above the lip of the crevasse I saw the face of the guide who was hauling upon the rope in front of me suddenly go green. He let go the rope and was very sick. Luckily there were others behind him, older men, to whom this expedition was no new thing, and they held firm. Well, we were brought out of the crevasse and I was lowered into it again. At the bottom I found Jean Prévot standing by the side of the dead guide. He was shivering, partly with cold perhaps, but not altogether. He pointed to the dead man and said 'Look!' I looked, and I saw that his head was completely frozen into a block of ice. We had to cut the ice away with our axes, and while I did the work Jean Prévot stood at my side, saying with a kind of horror in his voice: 'See what any of us poor guides may come to!' I think that it is because of those words that I remember the accident so vividly to-night."

"You felt the horror, too," said Rivers.

"Then, yes. But to-night not so much. To-night I feel, monsieur, that life is very sad."

He drank up his glass of beer and rose from his chair.

"You have to pack, monsieur." He held out his hand. "When you come back next year, with another guide, you will perhaps come and see me."

"Of course."

They shook hands, and Alphonse put on his hat and walked away. Certainly, although his walk was sure, he had the look of a very old man. To Rivers, whose heart had been touched by the guide's unexpected words, there was more than age visible in his aspect. There was a most pitiful look of loneliness as well.

Alphonse walked through the lighted streets. One or two of his friends called to him from the group which crowds at night the space where the four streets meet. But he took no notice. His thoughts were back in the early years of the Mont Blanc chain, when the Dru and the Géant and the Grépon and the Pic Sans Nom were all unscaled. He recalled the many attempts and defeats, the moments when you thought you might go forward but were very sure that if you did you could not come back, the moments when it was decided to venture all upon that chance — the exhilaration of effort, the final triumph. But most of all he thought of that crevasse upon the Glacier de Nantillon and of the guide lying there with his head frozen in the ice, killed suddenly in the fullness of his strength. To Alphonse the death seemed enviable. He came to the end of the town and walked for a little way between fields. It was true that his name was associated with many of the aiguilles which towered an extra depth of darkness in the dark sky above him. But to-morrow he would begin upon "*les petites courses.*" To-morrow he would be leading mules up to the Montanvers. He pushed open the door of his dark and empty cottage. "See what any of us poor guides may come to," he said to himself, repeating the words which Jean Prévot had spoken in the crevasse, but in a very different connection.

* * *

Golden Sands

ATTENTION has been newly attracted to the golden sands of certain streams in Bolivia — a country whose mineral wealth has long been recognized, though it has remained unexploited for lack of capital. Recently, however, three companies have been organized — one in Manchester, England, and two in Buenos Ayres — to conduct dredging operations in the San Juan de Oro River, and dredges have been brought from New Zealand to do the work. Three hundred miles of the river have been leased in perpetuity, and boring tests have been made which show an average result of twenty five cents to a dollar and a half per cubic yard of sand.

The precious metal occurs in the sands of the river bottom, in the form of a fine powder such as is known to prospectors under the name of "flour gold." It is possible to get at it only by means of floating dredges — stern-wheel flatboats propelled by steam. These craft anchor in favorable spots, and the gravel is hauled aboard in buckets attached to an endless chain. The gold is caught on copper plates with the aid of quicksilver, and the refuse is carried overboard by a stream of water. Mining of this kind has been conducted on a considerable scale along Snake River, in Idaho.

In the famous Cripple Creek region gold is often found in a yet more curious shape, taking the form of fernlike crystals, and once in a while perfect octahedrons of the metal are picked up. Elsewhere what is known as "moss gold" occasionally rewards the seeker — derived, as the scientists explain, from a piece of rock thickly interlaced with gold veins, which have remained and preserved their original arrangement after the stony substance that once contained them has been dissolved away by water.

Common sea water is said to contain from a cent to two cents worth of gold per ton, even a bucketful showing a trace of it when analyzed; but as yet no process has been discovered whereby the metal may be separated economically.

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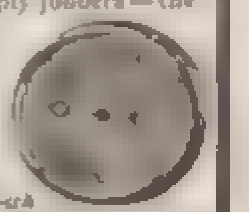

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The Reading Table

Science for the Young

Thoughtful little Willie Frazer
Carved his name with father's razor;
Father, unaware of trouble,
Used the blade to shave his stubble.
Father cut himself severely,
Which pleased little Willie dearly—
"I have fixed my father's razor
So it cuts!" said Willie Frazer.

Mamie often wondered why
Acids trouble alkali.
Mamie, in a manner placid,
Fed the cat boracic acid,
Whereupon the cat grew frantic,
Executing many an antic.
"Ah!" cried Mamie, overjoyed,
"Pussy is an alkaloid!"

Arthur with a lighted taper
Touched the fire to grandpa's paper.
Grandpa leaped a foot or higher,
Dropped the sheet and shouted "Fire!"
Arthur, wrapped in contemplation,
Viewed this scene of conflagration.
"This," he said, "confirms my notion—
Heat creates both light and motion."

Wee, experimental Nina
Dropped her mother's Dresden china
From a seventh-story casement,
Smashing, crashing to the basement.
Nina, somewhat apprehensive,
Said: "This china is expensive,
Yet it proves by demonstration
Newton's law of gravitation."

—Wallace Irwin.

The Ballad of Elusive Ladies

I hope I'm not commonly jealous,
  But I envy the poets, I own;
Wealth and station they miss, so they tell us,
  But look at the girls to them known.
I've had to get on in my cooing
  With Emily, Kate and Janet,
While they, lucky dogs, have been wooing
  Dolores, Faustine and Musette.

Now where do they find them, I wonder—
  The maidens with names such as these?
I've tried but I can't seem to blunder
  On Lalage, Claire, Héloïse.
They exist, for the bards keep repeating
  Still all of my search has been vain—
What luck to go on only meeting
  With Matilda and Martha and Jane!

I've thought if I wandered afield more,
  And left this dull Pallister Street,
That my efforts might possibly yield more,
  And Nannette and Diane I should meet.
But nothing has come of my straying,
  Though I've made of myself a sad drudge;
I've seen only Maud at her haying,
  With a weather eye out for the Judge.

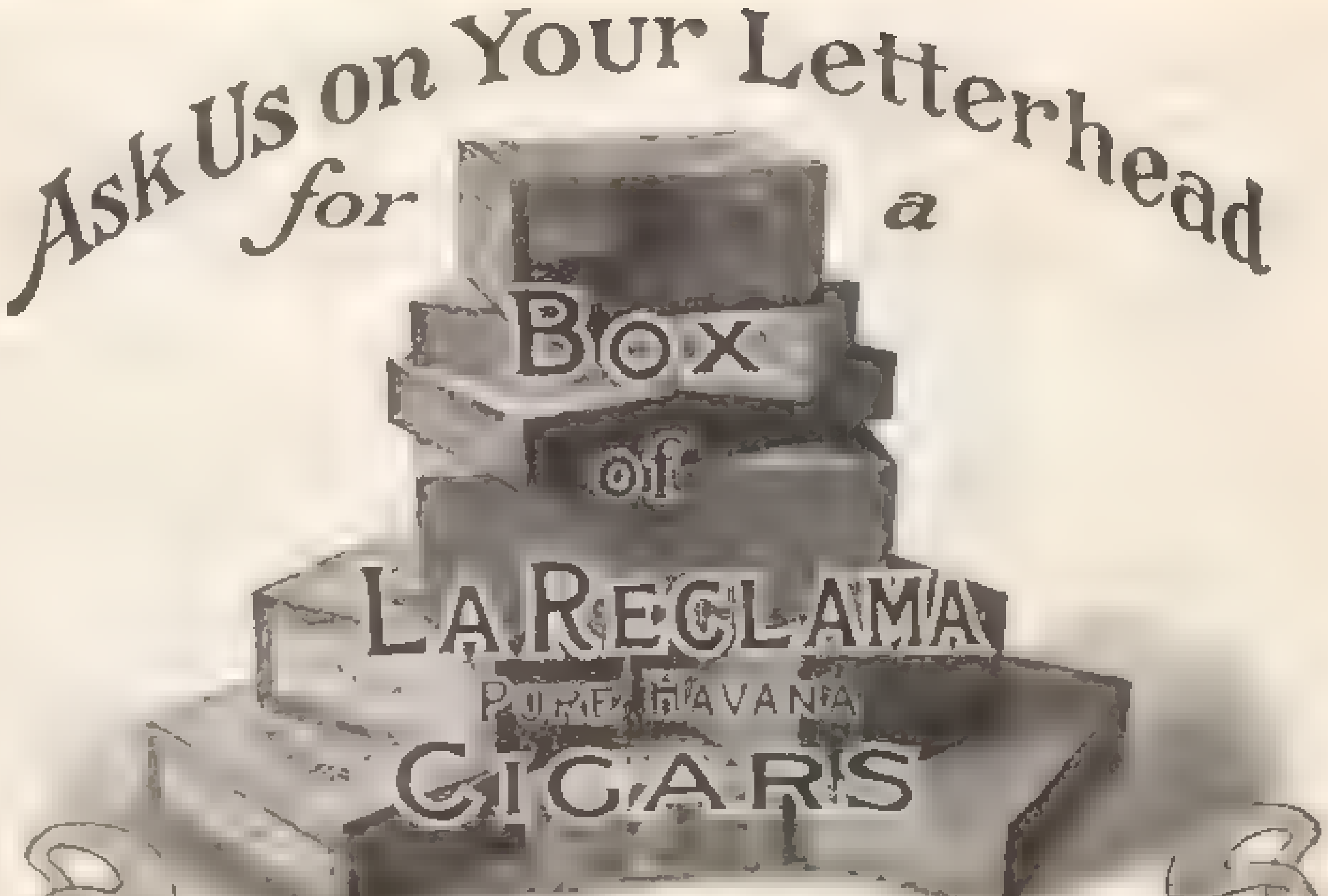
If I tried a "want ad." would they heed it?
  The Herald perhaps I should try,
And say that if Yolande should read it
  Won't she kindly be pleased to reply?
But how should I know when I met her,
  What proof when I went round to call,
But the lady had fibbed in her letter,
  And was but an Ann after all.

My troubles I shouldn't here pen did
  Not I feel that they really restrain;
My verses to Susan are splendid
  But think what they'd be to Hélène!
(I love such a name most intensely,
  With accents perched over the e's,
Though pronouncing may bother immensely;
  Still—Thérèse and Cécile and Élise!)

I'm sure it must be most inspiring
  To know, let us say, Fragoletta,
One might love on and on, never tiring,
  Doloroso, Ivonne, Fiametta.
Though not for a moment to hint a
  Least word that for Ruth I grow cold,
Still perhaps were she called Araminta,
  Perhaps I had been *over* bold!

Which raises the thought in my mind that
  Maybe for just plain every-day
I might perhaps *possibly* find that
  Eliza is better than they.
Maybe that a welcome from Mollie
  Were better than sighs for Babette;
But wishes *will* come—call it folly!
  For Mignonne and Filine and Fadette!

—Harden Carruth.



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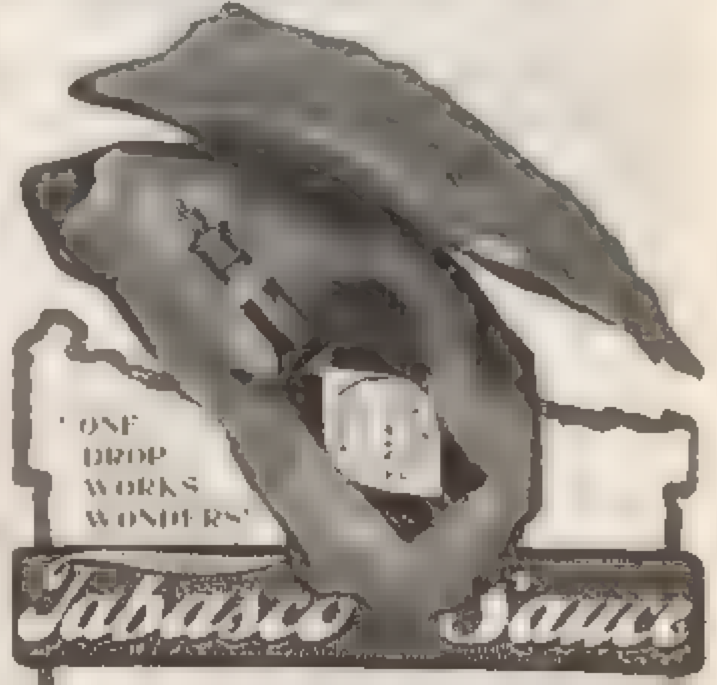

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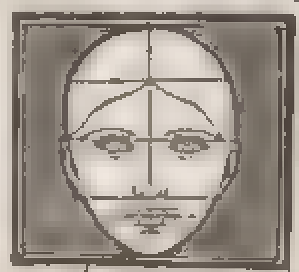

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IF YOUR ambition is to be free — to run your own shop, cultivate your own land, manage your own store — you should read every word of this article.

It will help you to understand conditions under which so many are succeeding, while you find progress so slow and hard. It will give you a great deal of useful information and direct you to much more. Isn't it worth something to you to be living in a community of live people, instead of one where the natural resources have been exhausted and the people have reached the dead-level of development, or where land values are so high that all of the profit goes to the proprietor? Prosperity begets prosperity. There is contagion in thrift that spreads to the neighboring towns and finally to the neighboring States, even to localities of less advantages. You owe it to yourself to surround your family with such influences.

There is a great, wide, glorious country in the Southwest. The soil is fertile, the natural resources are many and varied, the winters are open. You can work out-doors there nearly all the year round — and the best of it is — the [illegible] with you. The growing season is longer than in the East, the crops greater in number and more diversified and the profit correspondingly increased. These favorable conditions should add at least one-third to your earning power whether you are a mechanic or a farmer. Nowhere else in the world is there such an opportunity for men who want to improve their condition.

In the last few years thousands have found new homes in this great empire. Some located on homestead lands of which there are still thousands of acres in Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico. Others purchased improved or unimproved farms on favorable terms. Many had little capital beyond willing hands, but they had the courage to break away from conditions that bound them. The favorable environment is making them strong, hopeful men. They are *succeeding* and building *independence* for themselves, their sons and daughters.

You can do the same. We will help you. All you lack — all they lacked — was **OPPORTUNITY**. In the old-crowded East there are ten men for every opportunity. In the Southwest there are ten opportunities for every man. The percentage of chance is in your favor and not against you. There is a chance to accumulate and establish a home — to work at a profit — something more than a bare living. Wealth comes out of the soil but with the soil you must blend energy and enterprise before you can possess the wealth. If you go into partnership with the Southwest you will never regret it. We can give you the names of hundreds of successful men who started there with a capital of not more than $500 and are now on the high road to **INDEPENDENCE**. There is no pioneering. Schools and churches are everywhere, and the facilities of modern civilization are rapidly being made available for even the remote farmhouse.

Where the Best Opportunities Are

The best opportunities are along the new lines of the Rock Island, which has long been known as "the line of opportunity." The reason for this is that the land is well chosen and well investigated before road-building is begun. To be a Rock Island country, whether in Missouri or Texas, is to be a country of possibilities, — a country where things can be done. The developed portions of the territory reached by Rock Island lines serve to show what can be done with the undeveloped resources. Seventy per cent. of the grain crop of the country is raised in Rock Island States. The population of these States is about 30,000,000. That is to say, two people in every five in the United States live in States reached by Rock Island lines, and yet — the Rock Island lines reach the largest area of unimproved land remaining in the United States. It sounds paradoxical, but it is true.

In Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory, Texas, Colorado and New Mexico there are opportunities for thousands — openings for professional men, mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, farmers, orchardists and cattlemen. Men are wanted to develop the resources and establish the industrial plants required in the towns and cities, — electric light and gas plants, telephone exchanges, ice plants, broom factories, oil mills, brick and pottery plants, creameries, canning factories and hotels.

But land values are increasing. In six months the number of these opportunities will be less by some hundreds. In a year they will be fewer. You must grasp the opportunity *now*. Villages are becoming towns, and towns cities, as the vacant lands are occupied and brought under cultivation. There are excellent railroad facilities and good markets. Raw material is abundant.

Examples of Success

"I have been in a great many States and have never seen any place I thought healthier than Arkansas. I know of no State in the Union where better opportunities are offered for a poor man to procure a home. An investment in Arkansas lands properly managed, will, in my judgment, yield a better income from the amount invested than in any other section of the country known to me. Our seasons are so long that the farmer who pushes his business and plants in the different seasons will be rewarded for his labors.

W. H. EAGLE, Lonoke, Arkansas."

"We came to Yukon, Canadian County, Oklahoma, a few years ago. My husband found a man who was willing to sell out, so he took the claim, for which he paid $85, the filing cost $14, making our home cost us $99.

"We then bought lumber and built us a small cabin. We put out an orchard, added more house room and other improvements, broke land and so on, but had to go slowly on account of our small beginning, often having to stop and work away from home to support the family until our own farm was in a state of cultivation. Now our farm is worth six or seven thousand dollars, though we do not want to sell.

"Last year I had seven kinds of fruit in the cellar and more than our family of eight could use, and I have plenty this year [illegible] every year.

MRS. FLORENCE BERNARD, Yukon, O. T."

"I came to this country a few years ago, having $2,000 to start with, bought a section of land and went to work. I raised two extra good crops of Irish potatoes on new ground the first year. I have raised successfully cabbage, tomatoes, turnips, beans, in fact all kinds of vegetables I have tried. My main crops have been macaroni wheat, oats, corn, millet, sorghum and kaffir corn.

"I now have a residence and two rent houses on my place; also a town residence. My property may be easily valued at $12,000. We have better health here than we ever had before.

"I think this section of Texas, from the very nature of her resources, is destined and is already taking her place in the foremost ranks of the great Southwest.

W. H. BRADLEY,
Shamrock, Texas."

"In the spring of 1898 we settled in Jewell County, Kansas, having purchased 160 acres of good land, for which we could only make a partial payment, being compelled to assume an indebtedness of $1800. We began with four head of horses, two cows, fourteen hogs and two dozen chickens. With that small beginning we steadily increased our holding. Six years have slipped over our heads since we took the decisive step toward owning a home of our own, in this Western country. To-day we own that home, unencumbered by any indebtedness; have the foundation laid for an $1800 barn. We have 35 head of cattle, 40 hogs, 6 horses and chickens galore. No doubt others might have done much better financially. We are sure we might have, had we cared to deny ourselves many of the attractive and improving things which make life worth living. We have our daily paper, ticket to a good public library, and many blessings which make us stand up for Kansas.

MRS. MINNIE HENDRICKS, Lebanon, Kansas."

Where to Locate

Where to locate is a question that we do not attempt to answer for you, but we will put you in possession of facts which will enable you to make an intelligent choice. The best way to go about the matter is to visit the country and look it over in person. Ask questions, weigh the answers — then decide what to do. But you should have some objective and right here is where

We Can Help

We have collected valuable data about all the districts along our lines, — soils, climatic conditions, minerals, live stock, business openings in towns and cities and the amount of capital necessary, farm lands, improved and unimproved prices, etc. This information is carefully kept up to date, arranged, tabulated and classified. If you will tell us the part of the country you think of locating in, business you propose to engage in and amount of capital you have to invest, we will tell you the most favorable opportunities for **YOU**. In some sections cotton and tobacco are profitable products. Other sections possess some of the finest fruit lands in the world. Corn, oats, wheat, potatoes and all grains, vegetables and grasses of the north and temperate zones grow luxuriously almost everywhere in the Southwest. Poultry, stock and dairying bring big returns.

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If there is a man — or boy — you particularly wish to make supremely happy, and appreciative, give him a pair of

Buttonless Suspenders

— a Christmas gift with the advantages of being startlingly novel, and of greater utility than any other suspender ever made

Instead of suspender buttons and [illegible] nickel-plated [illegible] waistband and [illegible] unbreakable grip, yet cannot tear the cloth; put on in a wink, taken off in a jiffy. The "Buttonless" has cast-off back as [illegible] fronts, and is as self-adjusting [illegible]

$1.00 Finest suspenders made. Choice of Jacquard silk figured webbing, or Mercerized lisles, plain or figured.

50c. The regular half-dollar web lisles, plain or figured, heavy or light weight.

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Scarboro Beach CLAM CHOWDER

This Maine Chowder

differs from all others of the Atlantic Coast. Its delicious flavor is imparted by the small, clean, white shell clams of Maine (best in the world), combined with a fine selection of other ingredients. A revelation in good things to eat, appetizing, nutritious, and absolutely pure. Served on Pullman Buffet Cars; used in thousands of American homes. Sold by leading grocers. If your dealer hasn't it, send us his name. Sample can, 10c., postpaid. Beautiful Booklet free on request.

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$1.00 REDUCES YOUR GAS BILLS 20%
The "Baffler" is a device to check the flow of gas, so that the volume used and not the speed of flow is registered [illegible]

Peerless Gas Saving Novelty Co., Lock Box 75, Allegheny, Pa.

SNOBS' PARADISE

(Concluded from Page 9)

Representative, of everybody; but rank without money commands nothing. Once there was a member of the Cabinet who lived in a boarding house, and only the politicians who wanted to secure his favors knew him. He gave no dinners, and nobody but a few cronies invited him to their houses. There have been Senators who have lived in boarding houses and second-rate hotels and who have scarcely been known outside of the Senate chamber; but if a Senator has money he can claim his position by right of divine election

"Yes, but what of the men who are neither Secretaries nor Senators nor rich — minor officials dependent upon their salaries?"

"Oh, that is the fringe, and the fringe is the beard of the oyster, which belongs to it but which nobody wants — the poor relation of official society. There is the Assistant Secretary of the Red Tape and Sealing Wax Office, assets, a salary of $5000 a year; liabilities, a wife, a boy at college and some daughters. Well, he came to Washington immensely pleased with himself, believing that $5000 was wealth untold, not knowing that Washington is frightfully expensive, and thinking that as he was the Secretary's right-hand man the Secretary and his wife would make much of him and his wife socially. He is a well-bred, educated man, and his wife is equally charming, but the Secretary would no more think of asking him to one of his swell dinners than he would think of inviting his wife's father, who made his money out of soap but knows too much of its mysteries to cultivate its intimate acquaintance. The Assistant Secretary and his wife are convenient people to fill in to meet minor politicians and others who do not know fine distinctions. It is a rare sight to see Dash introduce his Assistant Secretary on one of these occasions

"'Colonel,' he says to the innocent stranger from the West who may be able to control a bunch of votes on some critical occasions, 'I want you to meet my Assistant Secretary, Judge Smallbits.' They bow and clasp hands. 'Smallbits,' the Secretary continues genially as he beams, 'runs me and my office. He is the only man allowed by law to put the big red seal of the Department upon warrants, and I tell you, sir, the way the Judge bosses me is a caution. I've got a magnificent staff, sir' (this in the tone of a great general who has won a signal victory and who is trying to escape the plaudits of the populace by hiding behind his corps commanders); 'but of the whole shooting-match I don't know how we should get along without the Judge.

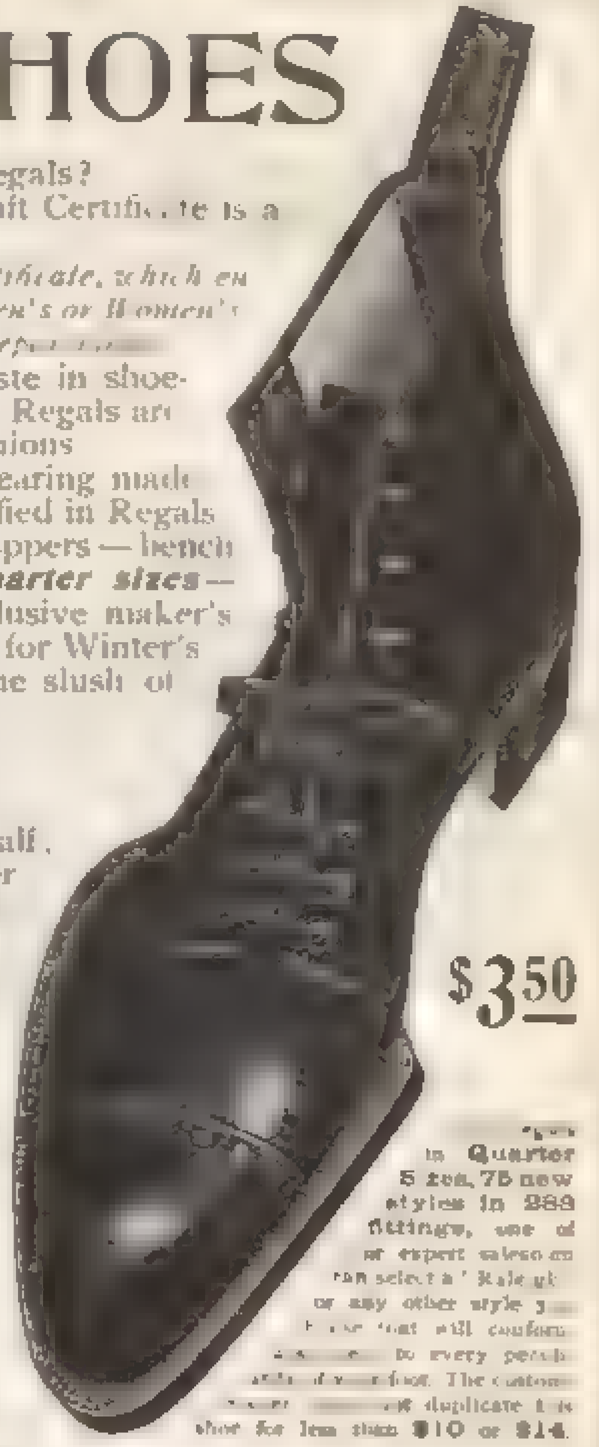
Smallbits and his wife call on the Secretary's wife when she is at home on Wednesday afternoon, meet with a frigid reception from that great lady and her assistants, and wander out in the dining-room, where the beautiful young women who are 'assisting' Mrs Secretary calmly ignore them and smile sweetly at attachés and smart young army officers, and go hungry until Smallbits' own messenger, who has been excused from duty so as to serve as a waiter, takes compassion upon them. Occasionally one meets Smallbits and his wife at a dinner, and Mrs Smallbits sometimes accompanied by her eldest daughter, a shy girl who has not got over her awe of the wife of a Cabinet minister, industriously makes her calls. The Smallbits family in Washington — and it is a large one — is the fringe."

"But," I said, "tell me one thing more. What does Washington society do with its litterateurs, its scientists, the men who can only talk or think?"

He pushed the cigarette box over my way. He lit a cigarette with deliberation and watched the blue smoke as it lazily floated away and was lost in the ceiling. "Society doesn't know them," he said. "Why should it? They are not rich; they don't talk drivel, they have forgotten how to make compliments if they ever knew. Mrs. Dash or Mrs. Blank would think she was lowering herself if she invited a poor man who lived on an unfashionable street to her house."

"But surely," I said, "even the elect must sometimes talk sense."

"Never at dinner, never when they are in society; their sense they keep for other occasions. Conversation at a Washington dinner is as light as a soufflé and as tasteless. It is all froth and nothing more, and nobody wants any other kind of diet. Socially, Washington is a theocracy in which money is the supreme ruler and its laws are written in the check book."



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What better Christmas Gift than a pair of Regals?
They are bound to be welcome, and our Gift Certificate is a attractive form of presenting them.
For $3.50 we will send this handsome Gift Certificate, which entitles the receiver to a pair of Regals — either Men's or Women's — fitted at any Regal store, or in Mail Order Department.
No matter how fastidious your friend's taste in shoe-style, he will find what he wants in Regals, for Regals are direct reproductions of models that set the fashions
Even though your friend is accustomed to wearing made-to-order shoes he will find all his desires satisfied in Regals for with Oak Tanned soles and King Calf uppers — bench made, in the latest custom shapes and in quarter sizes — the Regal duplicates every quality of the exclusive maker's shoe. If you want a shoe, stylish, yet suitable for Winter's snows, and strong enough to last through the slush of Spring, we would suggest

The "RALEIGH"

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9 DA — As [illegible]
9 DB — Same [illegible]
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$3.50

Seventy-five exquisite Winter styles are [illegible] on request. With the style [illegible] factorily as though you bought [illegible]

Samples of Leathers Sent on Request

Regal shoes are delivered, carriage [illegible] States or Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Porto [illegible] Islands, also Germany and all points covered by [illegible] on receipt of $3.75 per pair. (The extra 25 cents [illegible])

[illegible] in Quarter Sizes, 75 new styles in 288 fittings, one of [illegible] expert salesmen can select a "Raleigh" or any other style [illegible] that will conform to every peculiarity of your foot. The custom [illegible] duplicate this shoe for less than $10 or $14.

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Handsome — Sanitary

The bright aluminum "face" behind the bristles [illegible] water, oil or dirt [illegible] Hat Brushes also. Genuine sold in [illegible] by good stores, everywhere [illegible] — don't accept substitutes

MAKE YOURSELF TALLER
GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHIONS
"Worn inside the shoe"
Increase Height [illegible]
[illegible] places in the heel, felt down [illegible] shoes. ½ in. 25c; ¾ in. 35c; 1 in. 50c per pair. At shoe and [illegible]
READ. Send name, size shoe, height desired, and 2c stamp for pair on ten days' trial
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Gold Medal Award St. Louis Fair, 1904.

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Prove Itself

Shave with it every day for a month. Then if it hasn't proved our claims for it, Return the Razor.

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24 Razors in One

[illegible] sterilized, packed in [illegible] direct from factory. Always ready to use—

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Ask your dealer [illegible] doesn't sell it, get him to [illegible]

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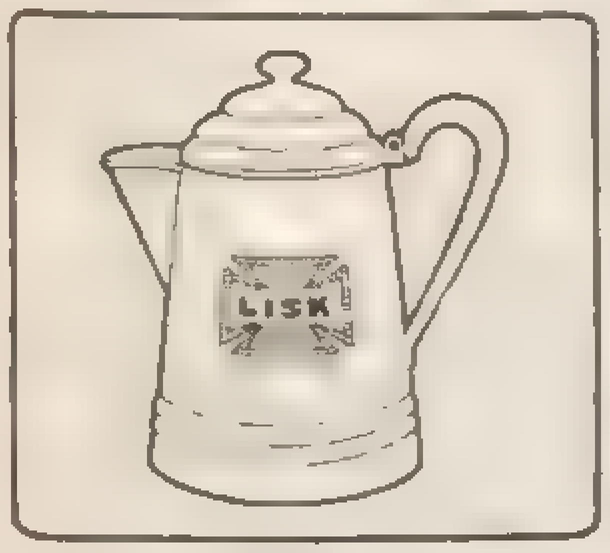

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Made of the finest [illegible]

[illegible] a boon to the [illegible] the traveler [illegible]

[illegible] FREE catalogue [illegible] with illustrations of the various patterns and the robes in actual use. Robes returnable if not perfectly satisfactory.
PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS, Pendleton, Oregon
Dealers [illegible]

CUT-OUTS [illegible] calendars, etc. Happy Ideas for Holiday Gifts. Send [illegible]
EXCELSIOR CALENDAR CO., Room 19, 23 Duane St., New York

Rose of the World

Continued from Page 11

> glowing, deep-scented like my love for you. I can find nothing but these pale, mawkish things, far though I have hunted this morning . . .

This morning—and it was now but nine o'clock. How early he must have risen! It was not the Rosamond, the hard, young untouched Rosamond of those old days, who thought thus with a mist before the eyes, it was the new Rosamond, whose heart was beginning to teach her so many things.

Early had the lover risen indeed!

> I could not sleep (went on the letter) for sheer tumult of happiness. I saw the dawn break over the water out on the sea bastion of this old fort. The [illegible] was quite wrapped in mist, and I and my heart seemed first [illegible] the air with the [illegible] below and the restless lapping of the [illegible] on the stones [illegible]. And then the dawn came. It seemed to me the first dawn I had ever beheld—I, who have [illegible] through many an Indian [illegible] such fires as England never dreams of. But I look upon the world with new eyes. The meaning of things has become clear to me. I never saw beauty before I saw you; and through you, all other beauty is [illegible] pearl, [illegible] and the water was gold and green. [illegible] Why do I write all this to you? I have never even thought of such things before. Will you laugh at me? I, who have known you for such a little while? But I have waited for you all the years of my manhood [illegible] this much I know at least. And [illegible] who are the meaning of everything to me now, you will know the meaning [illegible] my heart.

All the meaning of her lover to Rosamond Tempest, in the top room over the straggling back garden, had been that he was her deliverer from an existence of utter negation. She had read his words with the same pleasure with which she had gazed upon his flowers, inhaled their fragrance: it had represented a new atmosphere of color and beauty.

But now, as she bent over that [illegible] and read these vivid words [illegible] her [illegible] gave itself responsive to the [illegible] spoke.

In the garden below, under the nipped frost-bitten leaves, Aspasia poked about for hidden violets. From its bare brown stalks she had already culled the last dwindled chrysanthemum. When Rosamond [illegible] Sir Arthur [illegible] this simple occupation, it had seemed an almost deliriously joyful prospect of freedom. Now, such is the futility of the granted wish, Aspasia, as she flicked with impatient fingers among the wet foliage, was a prey to that abandonment of melancholy which is rarely known in its perfection after twenty. Indeed, poor Baby's outlook upon the world that December noon was a pitiable one. The only man she could have loved was dead before she had even known him! Another man whom she was certain she could never have cared for, displayed the most reprehensible indifference as to whether he were as much as remembered. And those wonderful piano recitals of the gifted young genius, Miss Aspasia Cuningham, seemed hopelessly remote.

She could not even muster a smile for the kitten as it suddenly cantered [illegible] path, every individual hair bristling, body contorted and legs stiffened, to box a hanging leaf and fall prone on its back with four paws wildly beating the air. The very kitten was part of the general unsatisfactoriness of things. When she did have the heart to play with it it was never to be found; but it had a Puck-like knowledge of the ripe moment at which to mock her misery.

Indeed the claims of the eager young life were somewhat neglected in this old home of dreams.

Aspasia walked, in royal dignity of dolor, back to the house, set the violets in two shallow vases, and the chrysanthemum in a high, narrow one. She placed the portable easel upon the open leaf of the grand piano; she detached from its panel the portrait of Captain English with the sad, stern face, propped it on the easel, arranged her flowers around it all with the solemn air of one going through

Old Hampshire Bond is tub-sized and loft-dried

Tub sizing is glue

"TUB-SIZED and loft-dried" is the term used by paper makers to describe the process by which Old Hampshire Bond is produced. Tub-size is simply *glue*, and is used to make the surface ink-proof, so that ink will not spread by being absorbed as in blotting paper, also to give rattle and "life" to the sheet.

Glue should not be dried quickly

Now, when you repair a piece of furniture with glue you never think of placing it by a hot fire to dry, because your glue would crystallize too quickly and lose its adhesive quality. That is just what happens to paper when the sizing is dried into it by passing the web of paper around a superheated cylinder. The sizing soon vanishes and with it the snap and "life" and strength, as well as the ink-proof quality of the paper.

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Loft drying is costly but gives perfect results

It is by this expensive process that we produce Old Hampshire Bond, making a paper that, like the old hand-made papers, retains its good qualities for all time—its bright, live shade, whether in white or color, its strength, and especially its snappy crisp "feel," the outward sign of inward goodness—the "feel" best exemplified in a new bank note.

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

"Look for the Water Mark"

You should have the Book of Specimens, which shows OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND in white and fourteen colors, made up into letterheads and other business forms in printing, lithography and steel die, as actually used by prominent houses. *Write us on your letterhead.*

Old Hampshire Bond

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I HAVE tried to make my advertisements plain; to make them state facts; to convey to the reader's mind, in the fewest possible words, just what I was trying to accomplish — which is this: I want you, if you smoke, to test my cigars entirely at *my risk*.

Some men seem to think there is a catch somewhere, a "nigger in the wood pile," if you please. There is none. How could there be? You have the cigars and the money. You are at liberty to send me whichever you see fit. But to make the matter stronger, I have attached a coupon to this advertisement which, if you will cut out on the dotted lines, you will readily see is a contract that I cannot well dodge.

On the flap label of every box of Shivers' Panetela Cigars appears this:

GUARANTEE

We guarantee that Sh[illegible] Panetela Cigars [illegible] ted genuine [illegible]

Could any man afford to put that guarantee on his merchandise, over his signature, if it was a lie? Would you?

I do not know of a cigar the equal of this that retails for less than ten cents. I manufacture every cigar that I sell, consequently *know* of what they are made and how they are made something that the mere dealer can not possibly know.

My only possibility of continued success is *re-orders*, and the best evidence that I can here give is that I am receiving them in constantly increasing numbers.

My factory is close to the business centre of one of the largest cities in the United States. It is open to my customers, who are cordially invited to call and see the cigars made.

SHIVERS' PANETELAS
EXACT [illegible]

CONTRACT — Cut on this line

Herbert D. Shivers,
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Dear Sir:

You may ship me, carriage prepaid, one hundred of your Panetela cigars under the following conditions: I am to have the privilege of smoking ten of the cigars, and if, for any reason, I am not pleased with them, I am at liberty to return the remaining ninety by express, at your expense, and there is to be no charge for the cigars consumed. If I elect to keep the cigars, I agree to remit the price for them, $5.00, within ten days.

Name ....

Street

City

State

I enclose my business card as an evidence of good faith on my part.

S E P 12-10-04 — Cut on this line

12-10-04

Write me, if you smoke.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
906 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

a religious rite. Then she sat down, heaved a noisy sigh from the depth of her little round chest, and began to play those throbbing strains of passion, yearning disappointment and sorrow that, the legend says, came to Chopin one day, through the beat of raindrops against his window-panes, as he waited for her who failed him.

Baby had begun to find out that even in so serious an art as music those paltry things the emotions, will insist on finding expression. She was in a very pretty state of artistic [illegible] when, with a sudden discord, the love notes fell mute. From the shadowy window seat a tall figure had risen and come forward eyes, ablaze with anger, were fixed upon her from a white and threatening face.

"Aunt Rosamond! . . ." stammered the girl, too much startled to do anything but sit and stare.

"How dare you?" said Lady Gerardine in a low voice, hardly above a whisper indeed but charged with intense anger. She walked up to the piano and stood looking a second at the altar-like arrangement; then her eyes returned to Aspasia, who now blushed violently, guiltily, in spite of an irrepressible childish desire to giggle.

"You shameless girl!" said Rosamond. "How dare you! What have you to do with him?" She took up the picture. "He is mine," she said, "mine only!" Then, holding it clasped to her breast, she swept from the room.

"Upon my word!" said Miss Aspasia. "Good gracious goodness me!" Resentment got the better of amusement, her cheeks were flaming scarlet, she struck a series of defiant chords, as a sort of war-cry in pursuit of the retreating figure. "Shameless girl, indeed; I've as much right to him, by this time, as anybody else, I should think. In Heaven there's no marriage or giving in marriage . . . and, if it comes to that, what about Runkle then?"

She plunged into the noisiest, most disheveled Wagner-Liszt piece of her repertory, crashed, banged and pounded till the staid old manor house seemed to ring with amazement, and the exasperated player, with flying hands, loosened hair, empurpled countenance and panting breath, could hardly keep her seat in the midst of her own gymnastics.

Henceforth there was one room in the manor-house without its presiding picture; and opposite Rosamond's bed, where the tender child's face had once watched the mother's slumbers, the soldier now looked down sternly and sadly upon the wife.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

How Crops Drink

WHAT is called the "duty of water" in irrigated regions of the West has to do with the amount of yield of a crop which may be expected from an expenditure, say, of 1000 gallons. But the Utah experiment station, going a step farther, has been trying recently to find out just how much water will produce not only the largest output but the best in point of quality. The investigation was extended to wheat, oats, corn, potatoes and sugar beets.

The yield of wheat per acre was found to increase with the amount of water supply up to thirty inches. If more than that was allowed the crop was less in quantity. Wheat raised with the least water (five inches) contained most gluten, and as the amount of water was augmented the percentage of gluten dropped in proportion. It therefore becomes evident that the most desirable wheat for breadmaking is that which is raised with only a little water.

Water, of course, contains the principal food elements upon which all plants depend, but it is important that they should not have too much of it. Oats, it was found by the experimenters, steadily increase in yield of grain and straw with the amount of water supplied up to thirty inches; if more is given the crop is less. Twenty inches of water is enough for corn; beyond that allowance there is no gain in the yield worth mentioning.

It was further ascertained that the amount of water required to produce one pound of dry substance in potatoes was 1778 pounds; in oats, 1208 pounds; in wheat, 1049 pounds; in corn, 1029 pounds, and in sugar beets, 75[illegible] pounds. Thus it appears that the potato is an extremely thirsty vegetable, whereas corn being far more moderate, can get along with a comparatively small supply of the universal necessity.

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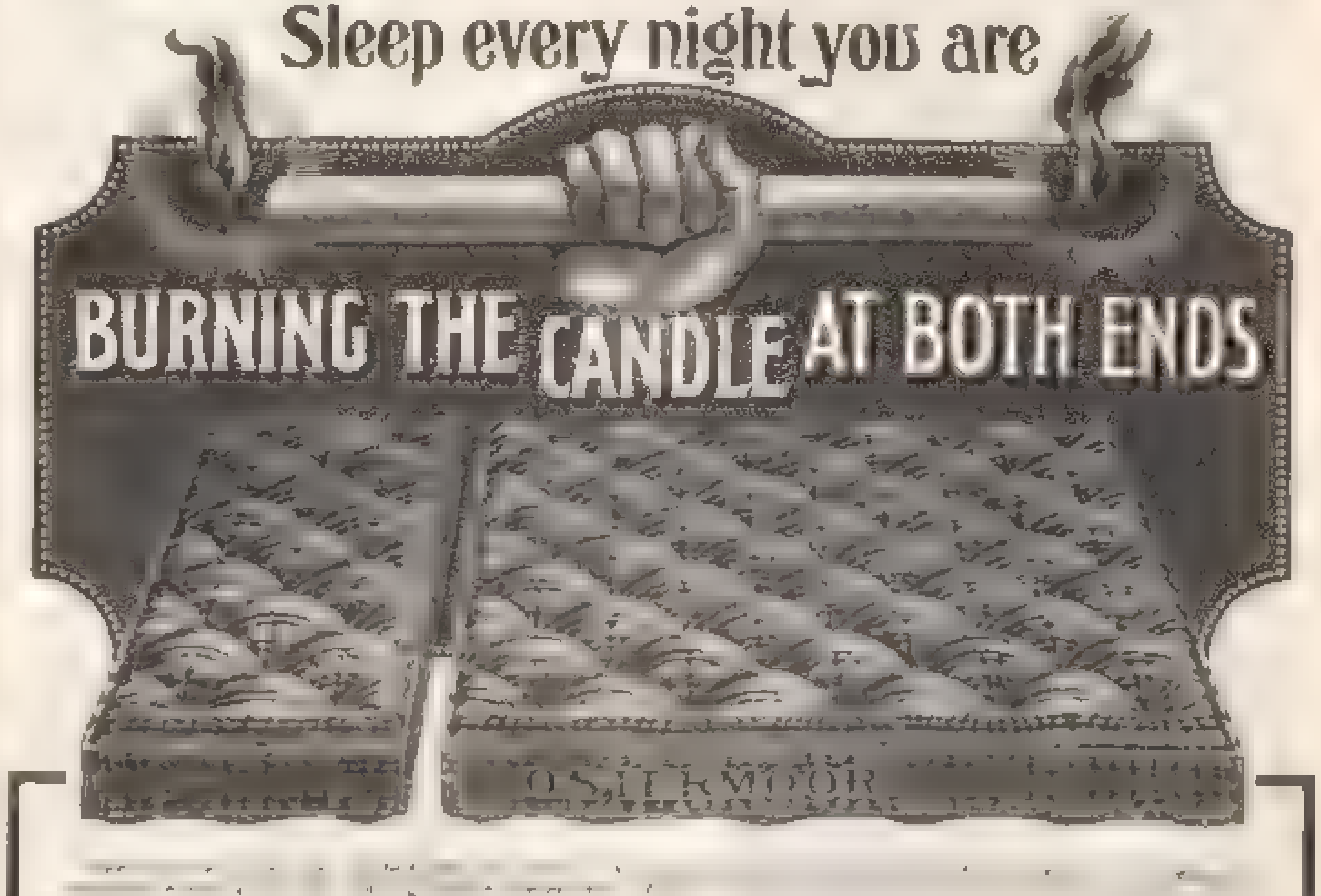
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How do you rest at night? Does sleep tempt you or do you lie and toss and fret, vainly seeking that comfort which lulls you to forgetfulness? There is **one** mattress that gives sleep to the sleepless — rest to the restless — the famous OSTERMOOR.

We Will Refund Your Money [illegible] is not true. Sleep [illegible] nights and if it is not all [illegible] have hoped for, if you don't believe [illegible] comfort of a $50 hair mattress ever made, you can get your money back [illegible] asked. [illegible] people have said "I would give a hundred [illegible] they cling to the lumpy [illegible] or clean HAIR mattress and fear to [illegible] $15 [illegible] OSTERMOOR.

Our Book is FREE [illegible] book, "The Test of Time," is mailed free on postal card request. It is printed on heaviest plate paper [illegible] and contains over 200 illustrations by such artists as Hood, Twelvetree, Farrand, Harris, etc. [illegible] cost over $15,000 [illegible] are welcome [illegible] even if you do not mean to buy.

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2 feet 6 inches wide	25 lbs.	$ 8.35
3 feet wide,	30 lbs.,	10.00
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All 6 feet 3 inches long

[illegible]

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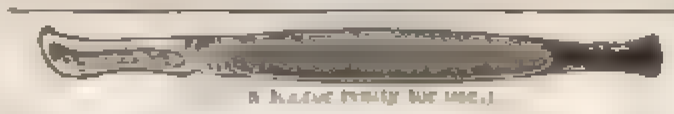

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Star Safety Corn Razor

Manufactured by Kampfe Bros. (manufacturers of the original and only Safety Razor of Merit)

BE YOUR OWN CHIROPODIST

[illegible] required in using the [illegible]

Please note illustration [illegible] ting the Corn [illegible]

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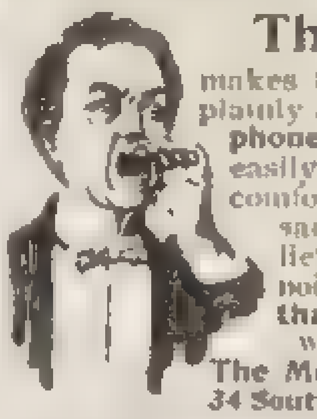

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TAMMANY: Without and Within

(Concluded from Page 4)

"Duck!" he cried. "Duck! Do you crazy Irish know what these Dagoes are celebrating? Chasing the Pope out of Rome"

The amiable grandstanders, who supposed the basis of Italian joy to be a kind of Roman St. Patrick's Day, became as terrified, when now the awful truth assailed them, as was Mr. Mitchell. But they had received warning in time. When Mr. Walsh and his followers reached City Hall Park the stand had been deserted by the last man. Thus by the vigilance of Mr. Mitchell was a mighty organization scandal averted

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Tammany in a city convention is sure only of three-fifths of the situation. Mr. McCarren controls, roundly, the other two-fifths. It will be the effort of Mr. McCarren to split off from Tammany the required one-sixth, and a trifle over, of the whole, to give him a convention mastery

Mr. McCarren has this advantage he is not hampered by a mayoralty candidate, while Mr. Murphy's hands are fettered with Mr. McClellan. The present Mayor will ask to be renominated

"Tell me one good thing about Mayor McClellan?" exclaimed the irate Mr. Roach, being engaged in joint debate with Mr. Farrell touching the city's chief magistrate

"Well," returned Mr. Farrell judgmatically, following a long pause devoted to cogitation, "George has a good voice

"You remind me of a story," said Mr. Roach, "which my Galway father used to tell of the two old Irish gentlemen at the wake of the town drunkard and ne'er do wee.

"'Tell me wan good thing about Mickey,' said the first, pointing to the deceased where he lay with the death-candles about his head 'Can yez name wan good thing for him now?'

"'Well' said the other, taking the pipe from his mouth and cudgeling his memory just as you have done; 'well, wan thing I can say Mickey cud cut a dog's ears as well as anny lad in Galway

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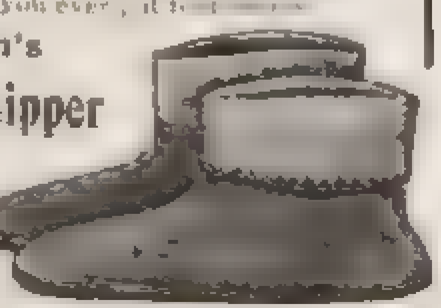

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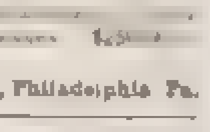

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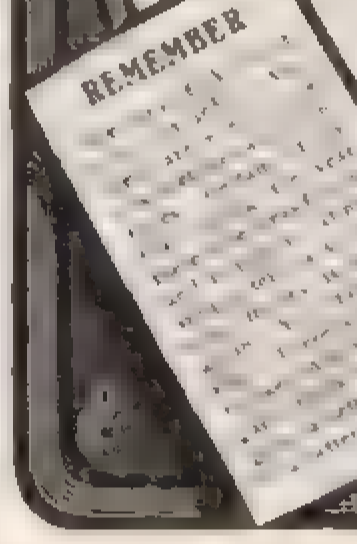

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How Clara Doner Doubled Her Salary

A Story of Business Success Full of Inspiration for Others

Limerick, N. Y. (Special Correspondence)—Miss Clara E. Doner, who is here on a visit to her parents, is receiving the congratulations of her friends on her success in business life. She is now head bookkeeper in a business house in Rochester, N. Y., and the story how she rose to her present position, and how she qualified herself for [illegible] is one that is full of encouragement to others. In the course of a conversation with your correspondent, Miss Doner said:

"I left my home in Limerick because it was necessary that I should earn my own living, and, as you know, there is absolutely no way to do that in this small place. I first succeeded in getting a position as saleswoman in a city store, but the most I could earn was $6 a week. I decided to study and prepare myself for a better position, and after reading an advertisement of the Commercial Correspondence Schools of Rochester, N. Y., I answered it. I received a copy of their booklet [illegible] and an offer to teach me bookkeeping free and [illegible] place [illegible] I was qualified to keep a set of books. Every promise they made me was carried out to the letter. I owe my present position entirely to the school, and I never shall be able to repay the Commercial Correspondence Schools what they have done for me. When I decided to take a course in bookkeeping, I knew absolutely nothing about that subject, yet by the time I had finished my eighteenth lesson, Prof. Robert J. Shoemaker, the Vice President and General Manager of the Schools, procured for me my present position as head bookkeeper with a large manufacturing concern at [illegible] salary I was formerly earning. The knowledge I received through the course [illegible] me every confidence in myself, and in my ability to keep any set of books. In fact, I cannot say too much in favor of the most thorough, practical and yet simple course of instruction which is contained in the bookkeeping course as taught by correspondence by the Commercial Correspondence Schools. I could not have learned what I did in a business college in six months. Besides, if I had taken a business college course, it would not only have cost me $[illegible] I should have had to give up my daily employment in order to attend school. As it was, I was able to study in the evenings and earn my living during the day, and I [illegible] for the [illegible] position [illegible] Correspondence Schools [illegible] entirely without solicitation on their part. I am going to tell others what the schools have done for me, and I shall be glad to answer the letters of any one who may be interested in taking the course I did. They will never regret doing so. I have just induced a friend of mine to take the [illegible] course, and I expect her to succeed just as I have done."

Miss Doner started on the road to success after [illegible] Commercial Correspondence Schools free book, "How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper." A limited number of these books will be sent absolutely free to ambitious persons who sincerely desire to better their position and add to their income. Send your name and address on a postal [illegible] to-day to the **Commercial Correspondence Schools, 380D Commercial Building, Rochester, N. Y.**, and receive the book by return mail. It tells [illegible] can learn bookkeeping and pay your [illegible] after a position has been secured for you. If [illegible] are without employment, or if you are engaged in uncongenial or unremunerative employment, you should send for a copy of this book. Miss Doner studied less than two months, yet in that short time qualified herself for a responsible position and doubled her income. Any ambitious young man or woman can do as well as she did.

No Cinderella

(Continued from Page 7)

and the city; the one had added to its girth and the other to its height. So I simply wandered about the familiar rooms summoning up the pleasant ghosts of bygone days. Then came the slipper episode—and Nancy!

Home again! No more should the sea call, nor the sky, nor the hills: I was home again, forever and forever, so I hoped.

And then I glanced up from my reverie to behold a woman, fair, fat and forty-eight, seat herself breathlessly on the far end of the bench. I recognized her instantly: she had been one of the bridesmaids at my mother's wedding. She was florid in her October years; twenty years ago she had been plump and pretty; now she was only pretty plump. But a rollicking soul beamed from her kindly eyes. So I bethought me of the slipper, dragged it forth, rose and approached.

"Madam," said I gravely, "are you Cinderella?"

She balanced her lorgnette and stared, first at the slipper, then at me.

"Young man, don't be silly. Do I look like a woman who could wear a little thing like that? Run along with you, and don't make fun of poor old women. If there is any Cinderella around here I'm only her godmother."

For a moment I stood abashed. Here was one who had outlived vanity, or at least had discovered its worthlessness.

"Have you no vanity, madam?" I asked solemnly.

"If I have it has ceased to protrude. Go and give the slipper to a footman, and don't keep some girl hopping around on one foot."

I was almost tempted to tell her who I was.

"Madam, there was a time——" I began.

"Oh, yes; thirty years ago I might have claimed the slipper; I might even have worn it," complacently.

"Permit me to conclude: there was a time when you held me on your knees."

"What?"

"It is indeed so."

"Confess, then, that you were properly spanked. . . . Heavens on earth, wherever did you come from?" she exclaimed suddenly. "Sit down beside me instantly!" And she called me by name.

It was the third time I had heard it that night. I had heard it so infrequently that I liked the sound of it.

"And it is really you?" pushing me off at arm's length the better to observe the changes that had taken place. "You grow more like your father; if you hadn't that beard you would be the exact picture of your father when he married your mother. Oh, what a pretty wedding it was!"

"I shall have to take your word for it. I was up and about, however, at the tin anniversary."

"I remember. Oh, but what a racket you made among the pans!" She laughed softly at the recollection.

"I was properly spanked that night," I admitted.

And straightway we uncovered thirty and twenty years respectively.

"By the way," said I carelessly, "is Nancy Marsden engaged to be married?"

"Nancy? She never will be, to my idea. She recently turned down a real duke: a duke that had money and everything."

"And everything: is that castles?" I inquired.

"Nonsense!"

"Well, between you and me and the gatepost, Miss Nancy will be engaged within two months."

"No!" excitedly.

"It is written."

"And to whom, pray?"

"It's the woman's place to announce an engagement. But I know the man."

"He is worthy?"

"Oh, as men go."

Then the water clock in the fountain struck twelve, and I sprang up.

"Mercy, I'll never find any Cinderella at this rate. All is lost if she escapes me."

I kissed her hand gratefully, and made off.

I immediately ran into a young miss who, judging from her short dresses, was a guest on sufferance, not having "come out" yet.

"Are you Cinderella?" I asked, with all the gravity I could assume.

"Thank you, sir, but mamma will not permit me," her cheeks growing furiously red.

I passed on, willing to wager that the little girl had understood me to ask her to dance with me.

How I searched among the young faces: many I saw that I knew, but my confounded

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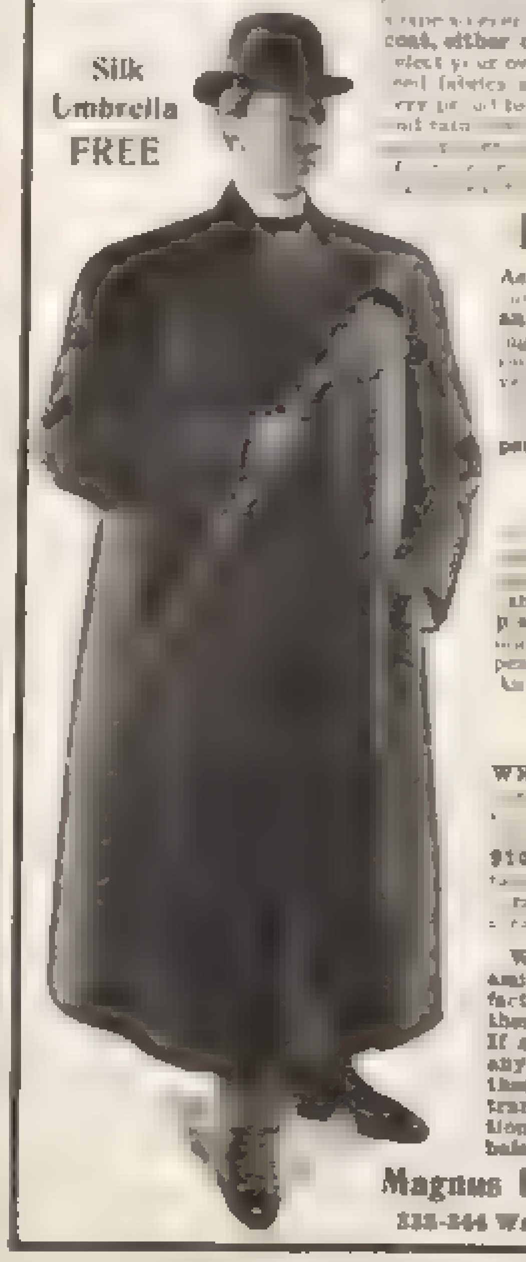

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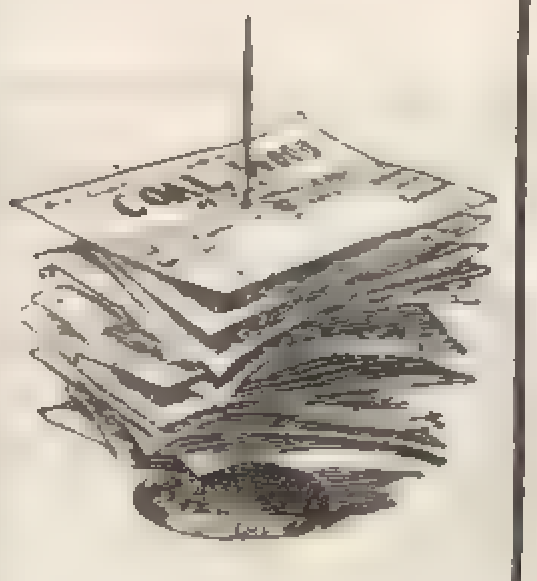

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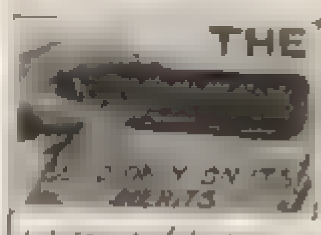

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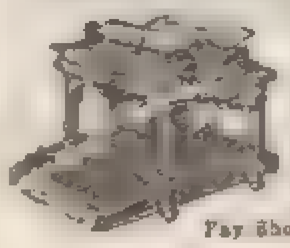

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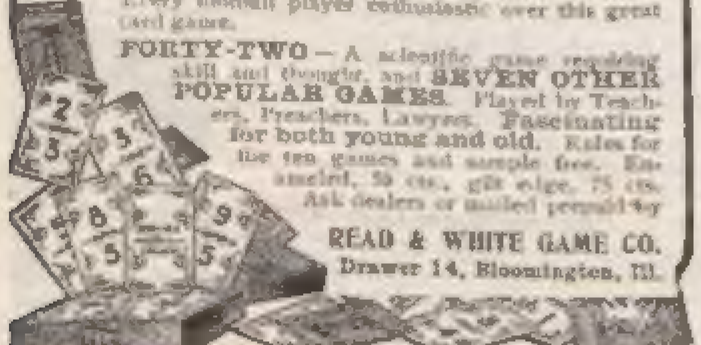

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beard (which I determined to cut the very next morning) hid me as completely as the fabled invisible cloak. I wondered where Jim was: Nancy's brother. I had seen him in Europe, and I knew if he were anywhere around there would be one to clap me on the back and bid me welcome home. This prodigal business isn't what it's cracked up to be. . . . Somehow I felt that within a few days I should be making love again to Nancy; and I may truthfully add that I dreaded the ordeal while I courted it.

What if she refused me in the end? I cast out at once this horrific thought as unworthy a man of my address.

. . . .

Under the stairway there was a cozy corner. Upon the cushions I saw a dark-haired girl in red. Now, when they haven't a dash of red in their hair I like it in their dress. She was pretty, besides; so I stopped.

"Pardon me, but won't you tell me if you are Cinderella?" producing the slipper.

"I am," with an amused smile.

"Then there *is* a Cinderella, after all?" I cried joyfully. "Where are the pumpkins?" glancing about.

"I believe that several of them have gone hunting for the slipper."

I was delighted. Three witty women all in one night, and two of them charming. It was more than a man had any right to expect.

"You have really and truly lost a slipper?"

"Really and truly; only I am *not* the Cinderella you are looking for." From under her skirt there came into view (immediately to disappear) a small scarlet slipper.

I was very much taken aback.

"Red?" said I. "Ah, I have it. The wicked fairy has cast a spell over the slipper and turned it white."

"That would simplify everything . . . if we lived in fairy-tale times. Oh, dear, there are no fairies nowadays, and I wonder how in the world I am to get home."

"You still have the pumpkins and the mice."

"Only the pumpkins; it is after twelve, and all the mice have gone home."

"Haven't you an incantation?"

She stretched out her arms dramatically. "Begone, young man, begone!"

"Very good," said I; "but I am impervious to incantations of that sort."

"I wonder where the other Cinderella is?" adroitly. It was quite evident that she wanted to be rid of me.

If I hadn't met Nancy . . . !

"Supposing I try this white slipper on your foot?"

"It is not a supposable matter."

"Would that I possessed a cobbler's license!" sighing.

She laughed. "You wouldn't be half so nice."

This was almost the beginning of an enchantment.

"If you will turn your head toward the wall I'll try on the slipper. I am curious to learn if there is a girl here who has a smaller foot than I."

"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!"

"'Tisn't vanity; it's curiosity; and maybe my foot is getting cold."

I took some pillows and piled them on the floor. "How will this do?"

"Since I cannot have the slipper I shall not move. Besides, I am sitting on the unshod foot. Hadn't you better sit down here beside me and give an account of yourself and what you have been doing all these ten years?"

"You know me?" genuinely astonished.

"But you do not know me?"

"No; it's a terrible thing to admit, but I do not recognize you."

"Don't you remember Betty Lee?"

"Betty Lee? That homely little girl turned into a goddess? Small wonder that I didn't recognize you."

"My girl friends all say that I haven't changed a bit in ten years."

"Envy, malice, jealousy. But it is odd that you should recognize me and that Nancy Marsden should forget me."

"I used to detest you; we forget only those we loved."

Enter one of the pumpkins, a young fellow about twenty. Hang it, I was always being interrupted by some callow youth!

"Here's your confounded shoe, Bett. I've had a deuce of a time finding it." He tossed the slipper cavalierly into her lap.

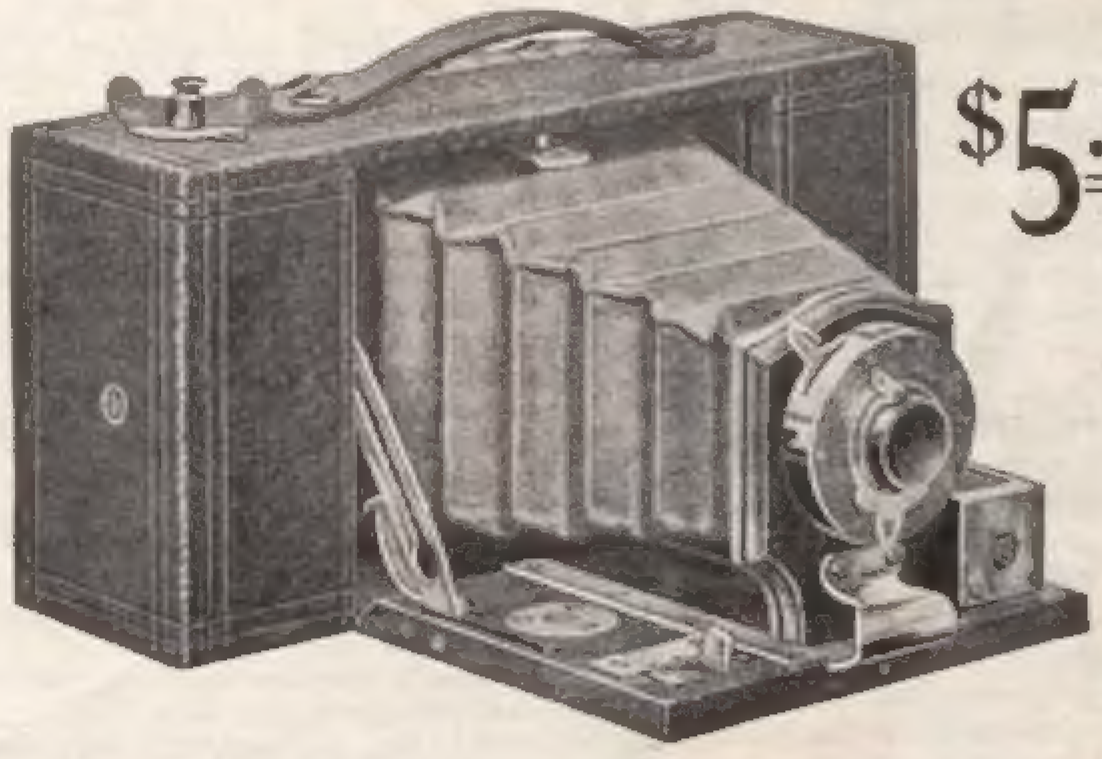
"Young man," said I severely, "you will never succeed with the ladies."

"The lady happens to be my sister," haughtily.

"Pardon me!" contritely. "I should have remembered that sisters don't belong."

The girl laughed and pushed out one of the pillows. Then she gave me the slipper.

"Almost a Kodak."



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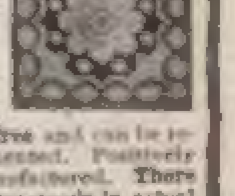

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"We'll not haggle over a cobbler's license," she said.

I knelt and put on the slipper. Only one thing marred the completeness of my happiness: the slipper wasn't a blue one.

The girl stood up and shook the folds in her dress, then turned coldly on her brother.

"You are a disgrace to the family, Bob."

"Oh, fudge! Come on along to supper; it's ready, and I'm half starved."

Brothers don't belong, either.

"I wish you luck with the white slipper," said Betty, as she turned to leave. "Call on me soon, and I'll forgive all the past."

"That I shall." But I made up my mind that I should call on Nancy first. Otherwise it would be dangerous.

I stood alone. It rather hurt to think one girl should remember me and that the other should absolutely forget. But supper brought me out of my cogitations. So once again I put away the slipper and looked at my supper-card. I was destined to sit at table four. I followed the pilgrims out to worship at the shrine of Lucullus.

Evidently there was no Cinderella; or, true to her condition in life, she was at this moment seated before her ash-heap, surrounded by strutting and cooing doves. Well, well, I could put the slipper on the mantel at home; it would be a pleasant recollection.

I found table four. There were four chairs, none of them occupied; and as I sat down I wondered if any one I knew would sit down with me.

A hand fell rudely upon my shoulder.

"What do you mean, sir, by entering a gentleman's house in this manner?" demanded a stern voice.

I turned, my ears burning hotly.

"You old prodigal! You old man-without-a-country! You pirate!" went on the voice. "How dared you sneak in in this fashion? Nan, what would you do with him if you were in my place?" The voice belonged to Nancy Marsden's brother.

"I have no desire to put myself in your place," said the only girl who *could* be Cinderella.

"I wouldn't bother about *his* slipper, not if he went barefooted all his life," said I.

And then, and then, and then! What a bombardment! How pleased I was! I was inordinately happy, and I didn't eat a thing till the salads.

"How could you!" said Nancy.

"But you didn't recognize me," with a show of defiance; "and I expected that you would be the very first."

"Cut off that horrid beard."

"To-morrow morning."

"And never wear it again."

"Never."

"Have you found Cinderella?" Nancy asked presently.

"No; but I haven't given up all hope."

"Let me see it."

With some hesitance I placed the slipper in her hand. She looked at it sharply.

"Good gracious!"

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Why, this slipper has *never* been worn at all. It is brand new!" She was greatly bewildered.

"I know it," I replied; "I brought it myself."

Then how she laughed. And when I asked her to do it again she did, even more heartily than before.

"You will always be the same," passing the slipper back to me.

"No, I want to be just a little different from now on," inscrutably.

She gave me an indescribable glance.

"Give the slipper to me."

"To keep?"

"Yes, to keep. Somehow, I rather fancy I should like to try it on," demurely.

So I gave her the slipper.

* * *

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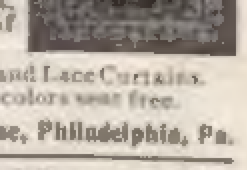

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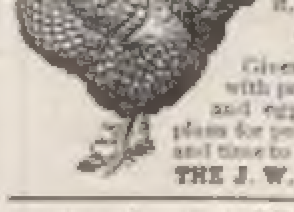

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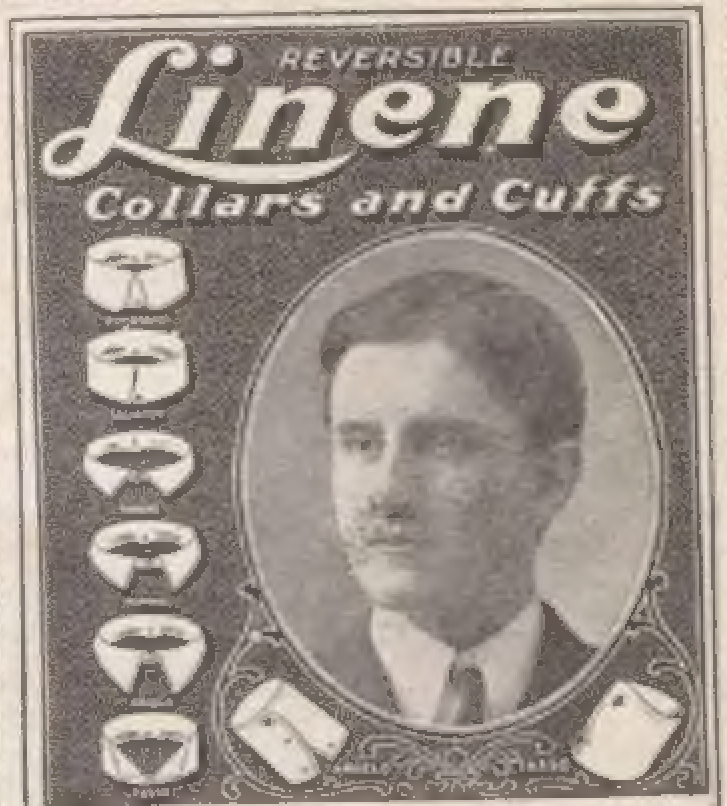

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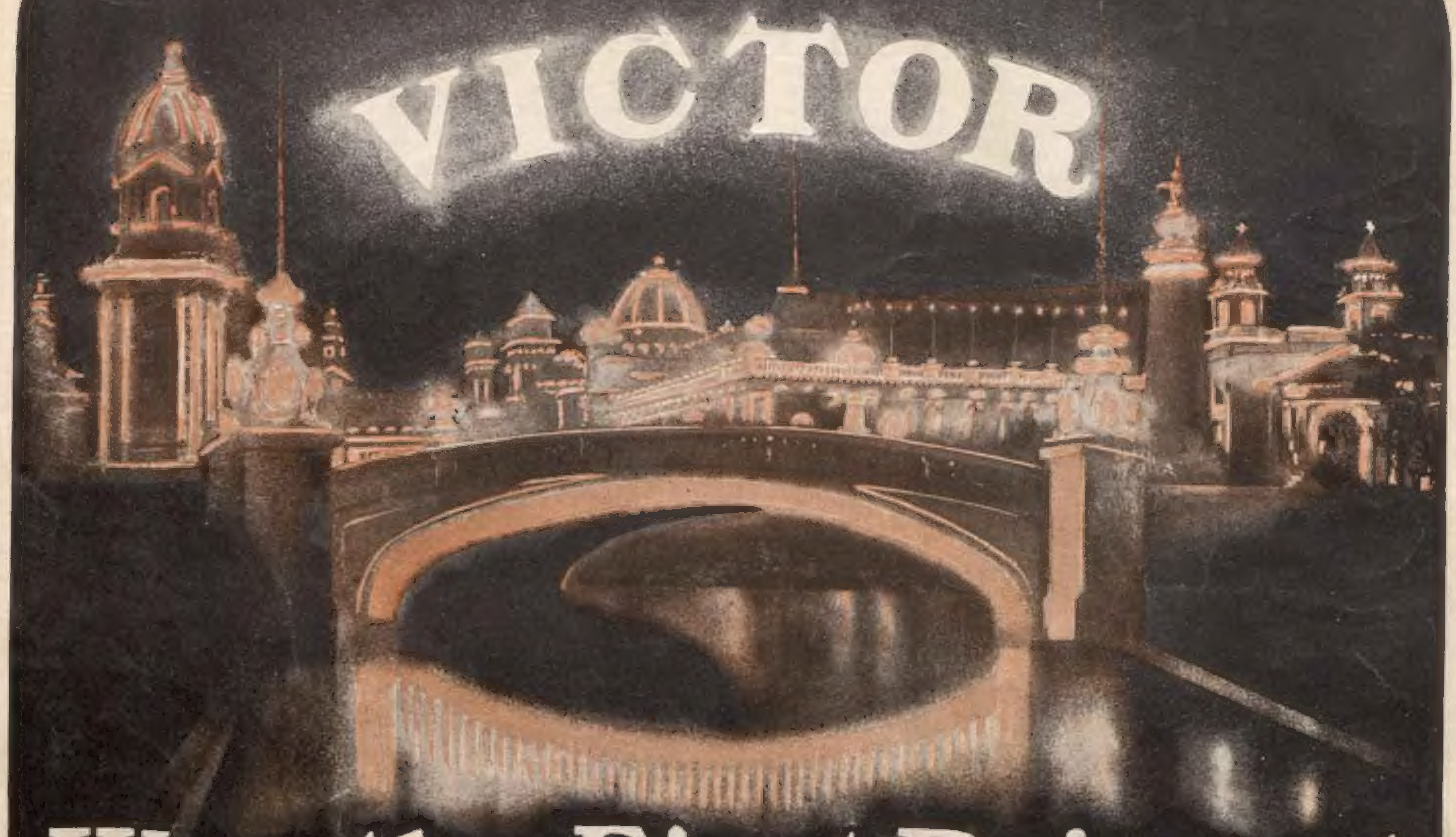

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